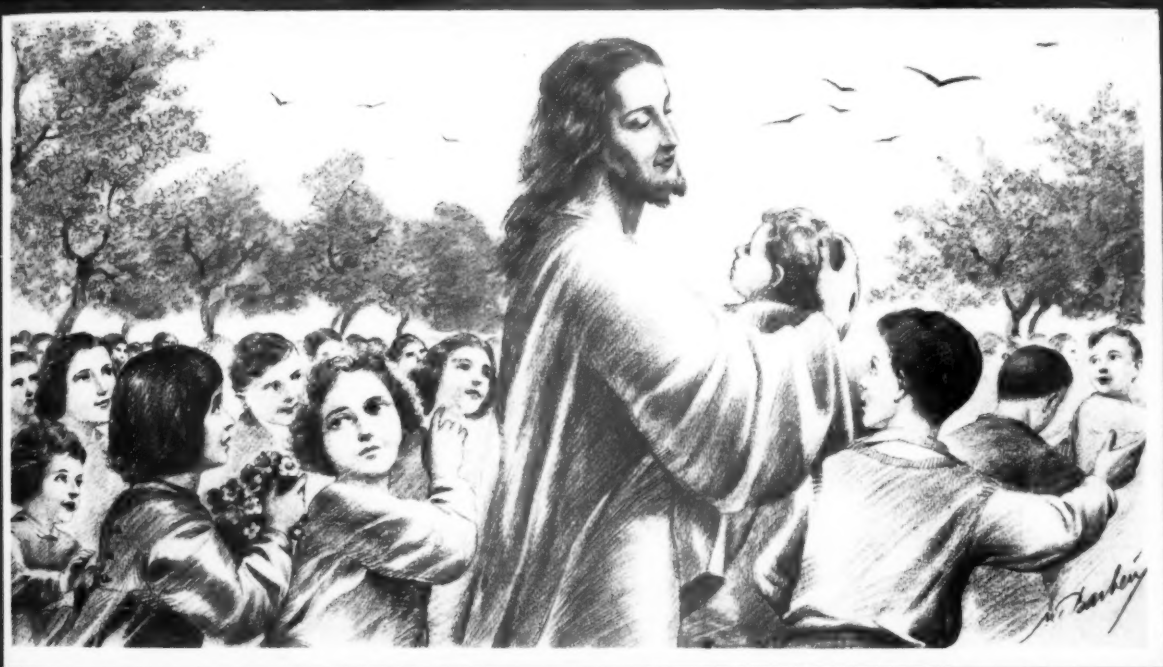


# The SIGN



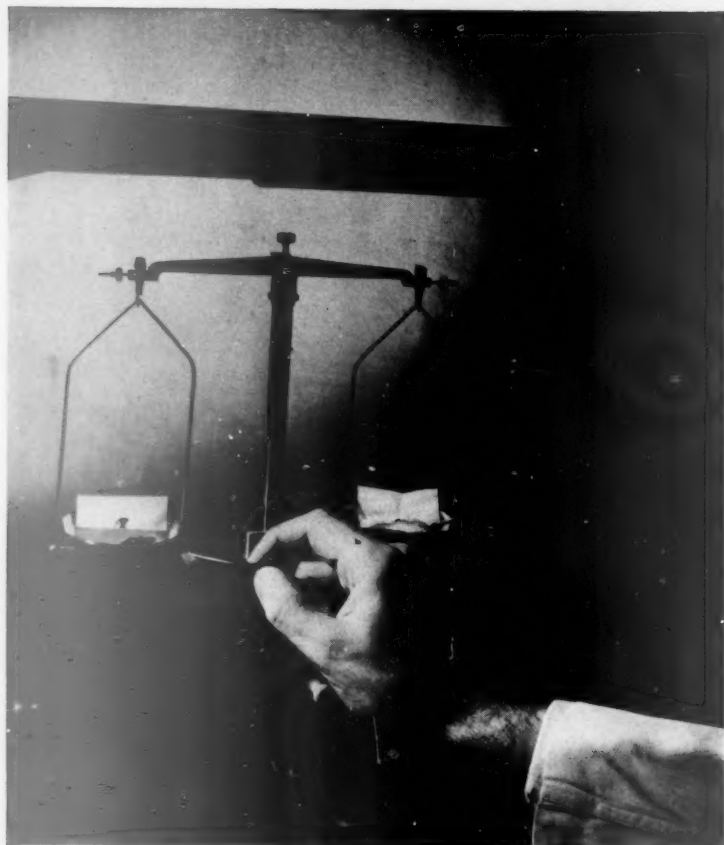
*National Catholic Magazine*



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*July 1941*

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# Personal MENTION



Angela Burton

• **FORMER** Kansas school teacher and business woman, ANGELA BURTON is now occupied as a home-maker and a mother. For several years she has given leisure time to the promotion of religious discussion clubs. During the past year and a half she has served as Chairman of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Committee of Kansas City, Mo.

It is from her experiences of the value of the Catholic Press that she gathers the material for her topic, *Printed Bait*. The call for Catholic literature for our men in the nation's services gives special point to her discussion.

• **MISCARRIED** plans do not always work out to a bad ending. The homey story, *That Sensible Vacation*, is one which brings happiness in an unexpected way. For almost two decades CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER, the author, has entertained large audiences with her frequent books. Her magazine contributions have appeared over a longer period. New Jersey born, she is now a resident of Massachusetts. Among her more recent works are *The Kings of Beacon Hill*, *Swift Waters*, and *I Was Christabel*.

• **IT** is not the latest bit of news that *Uncle Sam Builds An Army*. But how does he do it? What are the steps in training? How does the individual soldier fit into a large plan of action? How are men trained to co-ordinate with other units? CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. BAUMER, JR., answers many of the questions which are being asked daily in tens of thousands of homes throughout

the United States.

• **IT** WAS not a long jaunt for THOMAS KERNAN from Roanoke, Va., to Georgetown University for his Master's degree. Since then he has travelled far. In 1925 he joined the publisher Condé Nast. Four years later he began those sporadic business trips to France, which fitted him for a definite assignment to Paris in 1937, as publisher of the French *Vogue*.

He left Paris last year on June 11—just forty-eight hours too soon to welcome the Germans. After aiding the American Red Cross in the evacuation of neutrals, he returned to Paris and remained there until December, 1940. One of the last American business men to leave France, he now gives us an accurate report of the thoughts and feelings of a conquered people who see the *Swastika Over France*.

• **OUR** entire Mission Department, "The Passionists in China," is turned over to FR. WENDELIN MOORE, C.P., for his two stirring reports from Hunan. One, *Riding Sky High*, covers his flight by plane to the interior of China; the other, *Bomb Showers Over Yüanling*, gives some of the less gruesome details of the devastating air raid on our Central Mission.

• **WHEN** EVELYN B. COOGAN of Chicago poses the question, *What Shall We Do About Radio?* she is not tackling a theoretical problem. Her own three vivacious children are at that observant age where care must be given every approach to knowledge.



Thomas Kernan



Christine Whiting Parmenter



# EDITORIAL

## Branding with False Labels



**T**HERE is truth in the observation that Americans cool off quickly. A world series, a championship fight, or a national election find neighbors of long standing almost at each other's throats. A stranger, parachuted to one of our street corners, would imagine that he had dropped in on a revolution.

The morning after the big event, the opponents of yesterday are smiling at each other. There are friendly slaps on the back and, "Well, it was certainly a great fight." There are jobs to be done, and there are other battles ahead. Why waste time over an event that has slipped into the uncertain shadows of history?

There may be some danger in this spirit of quick forgetting. Sometimes there is a principle wrapped up in an incident, and the truth should not be buried with the trappings of circumstance. But on the whole this spirit, which we call an American one, is good. Fundamentally it is Christian. For it does not dignify the unimportant beyond its momentary value.

Millions of United States citizens would be reassured if they could be certain that this common sense will prevail in the present crisis. For we are in a crisis. Industry and labor are struggling for positions of advantage, families and individuals are changing their ways of life because of national defense needs, while the Government is on the alert to scrutinize the foreign scene.

**I**N THE heat of debate over policies and principles, sparks of wrath fly. The noise of verbal combat need cause no alarm. We may hope that the thunder of oratory and the downpour of words will be followed by a clearer atmosphere.

There is serious reason for concern, however, in the freedom with which men and women of good character are branded with degrading labels, rather than answered with logic. A child or an idiot, who has gotten hold of an indelible stamp, can do some foolish or frenzied marking. The misplaced stain remains.

Have some of the attacks already made on characters cut so deeply that they will leave ugly and permanent scars? Must the desire to know the truth or to speak what one believes to be the truth, be

suppressed from fear of unfair and malicious attack?

American citizens are not Fascists or Communists because they express their beliefs to their elected representatives, or because they ask for a dollar's worth of defense for every dollar's worth of tax money. They are not Fascists or Communists when they demand that Congress, not columnists nor poll-takers, decide the issues of war. Many such earnest citizens, who are seeking to sift propaganda from patriotism, might be the first to die should war actually strike.

**Y**OU cannot tell a Fascist or a Communist by his ancestry or by his position. He may be an unsullied descendant of that overcrowded little boat, the *Mayflower*, or he may be a refugee. He may be a government official or one of the unemployed; an industrialist or a laborer; a professor or a hill-billy. Moscow may be his home, or Michigan; Berlin or Birmingham; Naples or Newcastle.

Just what is a Fascist or Communist? We do not wish to be guilty of the unfair practice we condemn—that of branding men with false labels, so we must have a definition. The real Fascist or Communist, whether he is a declared party member or not, is one who believes in the omnipotence of the state. He is willing to surrender his liberty and his property, his religion and his life, for something he has created to serve him.

In times of national crisis and confusion men may be led astray for a time. But there is an organized effort to use present circumstances to herd unsuspecting persons into the camps of Fascism and Communism. Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, wrote this recent warning: "We rightly forego many liberties in the cause of national safety, but we must resist the trend toward absolutism which some deluded people wish to impose on us in the new order."

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

THE June issue of the *Reader's Digest* contains an "open letter" from Mr. Francis E. McMahon to Mr. Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire. The writer

## The Issue of Eire's Naval Bases

appeals to Mr. de Valera to permit Britain to use Irish naval bases. It is peculiarly inappropriate for a citizen of the United States to take it upon himself to advise the Premier of Eire to enter a war in which the people of the United States are unwilling to engage. We think the editor of the *Reader's Digest* would have done well to have left the "open letter" buried in the pages of the *New Republic* where it appeared originally.

The people of Ireland are convinced that the present parade of high-powered hate cannot be stopped or even slowed down by permitting the belligerent use of her coveted bases. That conviction is sustained by the fact that Britain still controls Lough Erne, a seaplane depot, and Lough Foyle, a shipping port, both in Northern Ireland and much nearer than any enemy base to the zones wherein much of the havoc is being wrought at sea.

Celtic apperception is very keen among the Irish, who have a nose for the indirections of heretics and the sophistries of pragmatists. Their abiding spirit of piety enables them to see that by reason of his profound knowledge and unique position no man is better qualified than the Holy Father to perceive what policy is most conducive to international peace; and His Holiness has voiced the wish that the conflict be confined, that it may not further spread disaster. In the present crisis the Irish have decided to hearken to the Holy Father's prayer rather than to heed any politician's plea.

The writer of the "open letter" declares that: "In the first World War these bases played a paramount role in escorting ships. Their use enabled British naval units to strike out much farther into the Atlantic to meet incoming merchant vessels . . ." In return for the advantage of these bases, as well as for the aid of thousands of Irishmen throughout the world, Ireland's Delegates were refused admission to the "Peace Conference," and were denied a hearing by the victors at Versailles. It was an American President who aided and abetted that attitude. Moreover, victorious Britain used the very power preserved with the aid of Irish bases and Irish lives further to crush Eire and cast her writhing and dismembered in the dust. That she has survived and regained a little of her former vigor is due to her Catholic Faith and to the uncompromising leadership of her soldier statesmen.

"Centuries ago," continues the open letter, "Eire rolled back a tide of barbarism, as her scholars and saints spread over Europe instructing the ignorant in faith and sound philosophy. It was Eire that preserved the learning of the ancients when the rest of Europe was in darkness, and imparted the truths of divine and human wisdom to the hungry minds of England and of continental Europe. Today a new tide of barbarism has arisen, far worse than the old. Again it is Eire that can help to turn it back. It is unthinkable that she will fail humanity at this crisis."

Eire will not fail when the victors and the vanquished are ready to heed the teachings of faith and the dictates of reason. She stemmed the barbarian tide before, precisely because she was not involved in the bloody battle for pelf and power. The history of her golden age of Christian culture and spiritual conquest urges Eire to cherish her neutrality, holding in her heart the charity of Christ for the suffering survivors and for the faithful fallen under every flag. Anxiety for Ireland's fate in the future should be allayed by the memory of her part in the past. Reason now restrains her from inviting a blitz for which she is utterly unprepared, and faith sustains her in praying for peace with justice to all concerned in the present crisis. We Americans may say that Eire is "on the spot," but let us remember that she has been on a hotter spot when her protector's policy was: "To hell or Connacht."

STRIKES in the defense industries have aroused public resentment to such a pitch that there is danger that any gains the unions may make in wages and hours

## Strikes in Defense Industries

through strikes will be more than offset by the loss of public confidence and good will on which the unions must ultimately depend for their progress. An indiscriminating public, aroused by a press that is in large part hostile to organized labor, is already urging a panicky Congress to pass restrictive legislation that may cancel at the stroke of a pen some of the gains organized labor has spent years in obtaining.

One of the causes of recent strikes is the understandable belief on the part of workingmen that they should receive an increase in salaries to meet the rising cost of living. Another is the feeling among workers that they should receive a just share of the profits derived from defense orders. In both cases the workers are right. They should remember, however, that any considerable increases in the cost of labor boost still higher the cost of living. Furthermore, the workers should not be misled—as they are being misled by

some of their union publications—into believing that companies engaged in defense contracts for the Government are making profits ranging up to 100 per cent and more. The present buying and contracting methods of the Government, together with high taxes, are reducing to a minimum the danger that we shall see a new crop of war millionaires.

Some few defense contractors have made rather large profits, but Government officials in charge of contracts declare that the average returns allowed are seldom above 6 per cent and are usually less than 4 per cent. This is quite different from the World War period, during which one company's dividends were more than 400 per cent of its capital stock.

THE American public, as well as the Administration in Washington, have been reluctant to admit that there is a considerable amount of Communist influence in

### Communists in Labor Unions

some of the recent strikes has finally convinced both the public and the Administration that Communist infiltration into key positions in certain labor unions engaged in defense projects constitutes a danger to the entire defense program.

Now that Communists or Communist sympathizers are in the drivers' seats in some of the unions, it is not going to be easy to dislodge them by government action. Government seizure of defense plants certainly does not offer a remedy for the situation. In fact, it would seem to be one of the purposes of Communist-inspired strikes to provoke government seizure of plants. Not only does this constitute an extension of government activities in the sphere of private enterprise, but it places the Government in a dilemma. If workers' demands are not granted by the Government after it has taken over the plant, it will offer a handle to the strike leaders to belabor the Government with accusations of tyranny and oppression. If the Government does grant the unions' demands, this will provoke a wave of strikes among workers who realize that all they have to do to secure their demands is to provoke Government seizure.

We do not argue by any means, however, that the Government should sit by and let matters take their course. Some abuses can and should be put down by force—and by the force of the United States Army if necessary. One of these abuses is that of mass picketing which employs violence to prevent men from returning to work. This is a favorite Communist practice. The fact that workers have a right to strike does not abrogate the right of others to work. There is a feeling in some union quarters that the workers' right to strike abrogates all rights of the Government, industry, other workers, and the public.

The elimination of Communists from the unions is by no means as easy a task as it might appear. In this connection, we recommend the reading of Dr. John F. Cronin's article on the subject, "Men Who Lead Labor," which appears on Page 718 of this issue. The author has a deserved reputation for fairness.

IT SHOULD not be difficult for the unions and the Government to find a way of collaborating for the elimination of strikes in defense industries. The present

### A Solution of the Problem

Administration is the most favorable toward organized labor that this country has ever had. The large unions, with a few notable exceptions, are led by patriotic men, by men whose interest is in the workers themselves rather than in the Party line, and who realize that union workers have as great a stake in the defense of this country as any other class.

If the labor unions do not wish to have a great deal of repressive legislation clamped down on them by Congress, they should take the initiative in ridding themselves of Communists. Communist leaders are doing organized labor infinitely more harm than they are doing the country at large, and such a housecleaning would be for the immediate benefit of the unions themselves.

Legislation has been proposed in Congress, providing for what is known as a "cooling-off" period, similar to that of the Railway Labor Act. This would provide that notice must be given by a union or employer 30 days before either seeks changes in wages, hours, working conditions, etc. During that 30 days, collective bargaining is carried on and if a deadlock occurs appeal is made to the National Defense Mediation Board. If no agreement is reached, a fact-finding commission may be appointed, or arbitration may be agreed upon. During all this period work goes on as usual. Congress up to the time of writing has refused to pass the proposed legislation.

It seems to us that if unions and employers would agree *voluntarily* to such a procedure, with arbitration as the ultimate step, it would be better for all concerned. It would be better for the unions to suspend voluntarily their right to strike than to have this right taken from them by legislation.

TWO of THE SIGN study groups have sailed for South America; the third will leave the first week of July. A last-minute interest, far beyond our expectations or the

### Seminar Members Sail For Peru

steamship company's provisions, brought numerous inquiries and requests for bookings. Unfortunately reservations were filled so early by other groups than ours that many who wished to take advantage of the opportunities offered were disappointed. Next year, if national and international conditions permit, we hope to be of service to the rapidly expanding groups of Catholics who are eager to learn, by personal observation and study, something of Ibero-American culture.

Through the courtesy of NBC a broadcast from New York was arranged on June 6. This afforded an opportunity to bid *Adios* to the first group, and to explain the interest of THE SIGN staff in the promotion of spiritual Pan-Americanism. Later the same day, a Spanish translation of the broadcast was sent by short wave to South America. It is planned to have THE SIGN Seminar directors, Rev. Drs. Joseph Thorning and John Weidinger speak to the United States over NBC short waves from Lima some time next month.



**BITTER** experience has impressed on people in modern war the prudence of not using their right to assemble. Damage from a bomb, stray or intended, which strikes

### Gathered Together in Christ's Name

a crowd is gruesomely multiplied. There are occasions when it is patriotic to scatter rather than to gather together.

In conquered countries subdued peoples are forbidden to assemble, except under the vigilant eye of the military, or in order to hear the unwelcome voice of propaganda. Invaders will not risk an opportunity for the vanquished freely to exchange thoughts.

Here we still come together in large groups for recreation, for political expression, or for a religious ceremony. Men who are business rivals root for the same team; others, of varied racial extraction, support the one candidate; thousands, who worship at the same altar, do not see eye to eye on political questions. But we can at least come together. So far we do not have to scurry to our individual shelters while death drones across the skies.

At this writing Catholics of the United States are on the eve of a meeting that will draw a multitude from all over the country: the Ninth National Eucharistic Congress at St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota. There in private devotions and public pageantry the faithful will do honor to the Son of God in the Sacrament of Love.

Christ will be adored, in this memorial of His Passion, by men of high rank and of lowly station. In a splendidly planned program, every walk of life will come under scrutiny and discussion, to the end that all may glorify God. Thus, while others plot to kill and maim, a whole nation pauses to pay tribute to the Divine Master, and to chart the way to peace here and eternal happiness hereafter.

Such national congresses are not arranged as passing spectacles of the Faith. They are prepared with the intention of renewing devotion throughout a whole country. Even those not fortunate enough to participate personally, will join in the fervent wave of intercession for our own country and for a troubled world that has lost itself because it has forgotten God.

**THE** season of diplomas, valedictories, and degrees has passed. But even a casual scanning of headlines in the press, secular or Catholic, uncovers evidence that

### Court Decisions on the Schools

education is a matter of year-round concern. Vigilance and vigorous action alone on the part of citizens can insure our institutions

of learning freedom from control by destructive forces.

In Brooklyn, Justice Frank E. Johnson sharply reprimanded lax city officials for failure to take action against Communist teachers in the school system. "It is incredible," he declared, "that public money should be expended to keep on the payrolls such men and women who are charged with the responsibility of training our youth; men and women who belong to an organization which is un-American, and which is not only ungodly but pagan and radical."

Oregon, scene of more than one legal battle involving education, recently heard a decision from its Su-

preme Court. In effect the judgment provides free text books for all the pupils of the State's standard elementary schools. Catholic grade schools will come under this classification.

In New Jersey, a five-year struggle to provide parochial school children with free bus transportation to classes ended in victory. When Governor Edison signed what has been called the "School Bus Bill," children attending Catholic schools became sharers in the same facilities afforded their companions in public schools.

In New York, undesirables were not ferreted out until after the investigations of the Rapp-Coudert committee. In Oregon and New Jersey, justice toward parochial school children was gained only after prolonged and persistent efforts. While these victories are a satisfaction, they should also serve as warnings. The public school system, which Catholics help to support, should be protected against the infiltration of un-American influences. And our parochial school children should not be discriminated against.

**THE** danger of such discrimination lies hidden in a proposed measure which, from all evidence, has been put forth with the best of intentions. Senate Bill 1313

### Unsatisfactory School-Aid Bill

concerns itself with the embarrassing position of school authorities in areas that have had a sudden influx of population. Production for defense has brought families into sections of the country where accommodations for education are wholly inadequate.

To relieve this situation the Bill proposes "to strengthen the national defense and promote the general welfare through the appropriation of funds to assist the states and territories in meeting financial emergencies in education and reducing inequalities of educational opportunities."

Such relief, of course, would be limited to tax-supported schools. Instead of promoting equality, therefore, the measure would be a further burden upon Catholics. They would pay their share of taxes for the objectives of this bill, but their children would receive none of the benefits. They would be penalized because they chose to attend a school which gave them religious education.

Rev. Dr. George Johnson wrote, on behalf of the Administrative Board of Bishops of the N.C.W.C., to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Education. Among other telling arguments he cited against the proposed Bill is the fact that it would be extremely unwelcome as a "means of accomplishing a purpose concerning which there is a decided difference of opinion, not only among educators but among enlightened Americans everywhere."

Already struggling to hold what they have accomplished at such sacrifice, Catholics cannot afford to permit the passage of measures which would mean the imposition of a further unrewarded burden. The years ahead will increase rather than lighten our obligations toward youth. As the Master General of the Order of Preachers observed, "It will be necessary to re-teach millions of souls to think as Christians and to act as Christians." That task can be met if we shall have preserved our Catholic system of education.



# SWASTIKA OVER FRANCE



*Black Star photo*

*Above: Conquering Nazis hoist the swastika flag at a French post on the Atlantic Ocean*

*Left: Nazi soldiers marching near the Arc de Triomphe, the monument to Napoleon's victories*

By THOMAS KERNAN



*Pix photo*

ON JUNE 12, 1940, Paris waited tensed and silent for the invaders' blow. On the 9th an extraordinary broadcast by General Hering had claimed that the city would be defended street by street; on the 11th, through Mr. Bullitt's intervention, it was declared an open city. Nazi tanks had gathered in the night on the boulevards that mark the site of the ancient walls and encircle the city. At dawn on the 13th the motorized units passed through the Porte de Pantin into the sacred soil of Paris, and rumbled through the all but deserted streets while Paris

watched from behind drawn blinds.

The unspoken question was: What would the conqueror do now? The Nazis did not keep the Parisians in suspense very long. The city looked on in surprise as shining soup kitchens rolled up almost on the heels of the gray-clad legions. The steaming forty-gallon tureens of the German Winter Relief, glistening in the afternoon sun, were soon ready for business. The Nazis, with blunt directness, set out to win the heart of the hungry city through its stomach. Although it was scarcely successful in the long run, this human-

ity did a great deal to take the bitter edge off the city's surrender. Most of the supplies of Paris come from the north, and no fish, meats, vegetables, milk, or poultry had arrived over blocked roads and blasted rails for many days. So, in the poor quarters, the first trickle of citizens to the Nazi soup vans soon swelled into long queues. The common sense of the Parisian told him that drinking the soup would not compromise his honor.

He was assured of the same fact by posters immediately pasted on the walls of Paris and its suburbs. Indeed, these posters had been printed in Germany long before. They were well done lithographs in three colors, which, as the German armies advanced, made their appearance upon the roadside walls of Belgium, Flanders, Picardy, and now, the Ile de France. The principal of these posters showed a German soldier, beaming, large, and handsome, holding a tattered urchin on one arm and giving a biscuit to another who clung to his knee. The

text read: "*Populations abandonnées—confiez vous au soldat allemand*" ("Abandoned populations—put your trust in the German soldier"). There is no doubt that the village populations had been abandoned—by the army as well as their civilian authorities. It was somewhat ironic, however, for them to be obliged to put their faith in the German soldier, because the reason of the abandonment was, in many cases, the carefully planned fifth-column activity under German direction. As the case may be, the German soldier immediately set in on a courtesy campaign, and the French population, surprised at the absence of rapine, and fortified by hot soup, accepted the occupying army with a relief which was at first taken for welcome.

TO BE sure that no written word would counteract the propaganda, a decree was passed in the early days of June, first in Belgium, and later extended to all Occupied France. By this decree all newspapers were suspended, all printing presses, even calling cards, funeral announcements, etc., were forbidden, and any reproduction by type, mimeograph, etc., had to be submitted to the local *Kommandantur*. In the Paris region the execution of the censorship decree became the province of Dr. Goebbels' ministry known as the Propaganda *Staffel*. The Propaganda *Staffel* was prepared for the occupation of the French mind just as the armed forces had occupied the French cities. Blueprints in hand, it took over two floors of the white stone and marble National City Bank building, the most modern in Paris, at 52 Champs Elysées. Officials of the *Staffel* set out to establish complete control of the press, radio, movies, and theater.

They moved quickly—or rather, they had moved long ago. Only three days elapsed before the great French newspaper *Paris Soir* was "co-ordinated" into the Nazi scheme and resumed publication. Such a fact is indicative of the thoroughness of the Nazi pre-war planning. Lieutenant Weber, former Paris chief of the D.N.B. news service, a job similar to Dr. Zapp's in New York, stepped into the office of M. Prouvost, publisher of *Paris Soir*, who was in flight to southern France. In order to serve as a French façade

for the reorganized newspaper, the Nazis got hold of one Roger Capgras. Capgras was a buccaneering fruit merchant of uncertain origin who had developed a taste for the theater. He had leased and redecorated the Ambassador Theater in Paris and produced a number of successful plays starring his good friend Alice Cocea. During the Spanish Civil War he had made money out of Spanish oranges, and now that the Germans were in Paris he was quite ready to deal with them.

To serve as editor of *Paris Soir*, the Nazis chose the French writer and intellectual Henri Jeanson, fresh from his prison cell. Jeanson had opposed French participation in the war and had led a number of Frenchmen to issue a manifesto against it in October 1939. He had been jailed for sedition; Daladier released him on parole; the Germans found him ready to place his vitriolic pen at their disposal. He immediately launched a bitter attack against Marshal Pétain and the Vichy government. The single sheet, printed on both sides, which made up *Paris Soir*—twice a week it was issued in a four-page format—boiled with Nazi propaganda. But strangely enough Jeanson's fortunes did not prosper. Jeanson wished to edit something which was more intellectual than the very popular *Paris Soir*. He persuaded the Germans to finance a paper which would appeal to a more pretentious audience. In early September the Germans backed him in a new venture—a daily called *Aujourd'hui*—which had contributions of such well-known writers as François Mauriac. After a few weeks' issues of *Aujourd'hui*, Jeanson was suddenly summoned to the office of Press Fuehrer Weber. Weber had discovered that some years ago Jeanson had written vitriolic articles against Hitler.

"I am obliged to choose between your newspaper and your person," he told the unhappy editor. "I have chosen your newspaper. You are finished."

Jeanson disappeared into the limbo reserved for renegades, suspect in their own world and of no further use to the masters they were ready to serve. George Suarez took over the chair at *Aujourd'hui*.

For two months *Paris Soir* was the only Paris daily, but then a rash of

new papers made their appearance. Their editors were Frenchmen who were known even before the war for their intellectual attachment to Fascism. Alphonse de Chateaubriand issued *La France au Travail*, which proclaimed itself the organ of French labor in the new order. *Au Pilon* appeared on the streets, hawked by the same raffish young men who had previously sold the monarchist *Action Française*. Jean Luchaire started a newspaper to replace the distinguished *Temps*. He called his imitation *Nouvel Temps*, but it was not the same thing. The former rightist French deputy Marcel Deat, who advertised himself "leader of the Frenchmen who refused to die for Danzig," returned to Paris in November to re-issue *L'Oeuvre*.

The Germans have taken over the French press body and soul, but their heavy-handedness muffled the chance really to win French opinion. The complete lack of subtlety repelled the French. The Germans might have seized the psychological moment in July and August 1940 to persuade the French of German good will. A little finesse would have done wonders in attaching the vanquished to the conqueror. Instead, German propaganda blustered, threatened, engaged in palpable falsehood, and excited suspicion.

MANY of the Nazis appreciated the extent of this failure, and for a time a furious controversy raged behind the scenes. Otto Abetz, the German Ambassador to France, accused Goebbels of responsibility for the fiasco. Together with his sponsor, Goering, Abetz wanted to take Paris propaganda entirely out of Goebbels' hands. I have heard men of the Goering and von Ribbentrop party roundly damn Dr. Goebbels. They did this openly, apparently without fear of repercussions. Perhaps Hitler deliberately allows the violent expression of this sort of factionalism as a safety valve. Where underlings wrangle and call names, there is small likelihood of conspiracy against the leader.

The ineptitude of the French in handling radio broadcasting is almost remarkable enough to be a national characteristic. French pre-war radio competed with the British Broadcasting Corporation as the dulllest in the world. Certainly the

record of the French propaganda ministry during nine war months under poet Jean Girondoux was one of complete failure. The goodly sums appropriated for radio purposes were either grossly misused or the French are simply incapable of understanding the medium. During crucial periods of the war of nerves, the best the radio could offer was dusty selections from Racine's tragedies recited by actors from the *Comédie Française*. News boiled down to labored attempts to elaborate on military communiqués which, for the most part, reported the equivalent of "All quiet on the Western Front."

Broadcasting for foreign consumption was in the hands of Radio Mondial. Radio Mondial was largely controlled by a group of drug addicts and drug traders purported to be under the protection of Albert Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, that is to say, head of the Police. Operating under these handicaps, the fiasco of French foreign broadcasting was practically inevitable.

The Germans moved in on the Paris radio without missing an ether wave. At once we heard the official

aganda task was the British-French one of glossing over defeat after defeat without ruining civilian morale. The Germans also brought to Paris hundreds of propaganda phonograph discs in French which had been prepared long in advance and were now given over the Paris radio. Orators railed against the crimes of England, told their listeners the role that was assigned to France in the "new order," and wheedled for co-operation.

Most of us depended on foreign broadcasts for reasonably accurate information from the outside world. The Germans tried to "jam" these broadcasts by the use of loud noises on their wave lengths, but if one had a good set and tuned in patiently, it was possible to hear the reports above the man-made static. The devices for drowning out the British broadcasts were varied, and when the Free French spoke, there was a positive bedlam on the ether waves. However, because short wave is harder to jam than long wave, we heard De Gaulle clearly when he spoke from Léopoldville in the Congo. We listened to the news from Moscow, which was fairly ob-

a story originated in Belgrade it couldn't be true. I was later surprised to learn that the American press repeatedly featured Belgrade stories without taking the trouble of checking and double checking.

The Germans recognize that the movies are a great and profitable industry as well as an excellent propaganda instrument. They immediately proceeded to dominate the French film market. The big money-makers in France were imported American films, so American films—even the most innocent—were banned by decree. Instead, French exhibitors were compelled to run pre-war French films or German films with French sound dubbed in. French audiences attended only because they had nothing better to do.

The Germans therefore made plans to fit French film talent under Nazi control into their film industry. They prepared to open a studio in France and a number of leading French artists were approached to "collaborate." Jean Renoir, son of the famous artist and himself creator of the magnificent production *Grand Illusion* was invited by the Germans to work for them. He refused to bite and managed to get out and to Hollywood. Marc Allegret also was deaf to the sirens, and lives quietly in the south of France with his beautiful wife, Nadine Vogel. Other leaders in the French films were less scrupulous. Louis Jouvet, known to American audiences for his role as the monk in *Carnival in Flanders*, surprised France by his acceptance of German offers, as did Harry Baur. Jean Gabin of *Grand Illusion* joined Renoir in migrating to America. The greatly loved star Françoise Rosay, of Alsatian origin, who played the part of the burgomaster's wife in *Carnival in Flanders* was completely blacklisted by the Nazis because during the war she had given anti-Nazi talks over the French radio in German. No film in which she played may be exhibited in France.

The Germans manifested a surprising interest in the French film—even allowing for their interest in it as a commercial undertaking. Some of us wondered at this, since it seemed to us that the major demands of the war would more or less confine their energy and resources to immediate tasks. Why, then, did the Propaganda *Staffel* de-



Acme photo

The Nazis set out to win the heart of Paris through its stomach

German communiqués and the never-ceasing propaganda talks. German military news was very accurate, as compared with the British or French. Of course, when you have nothing but victories to announce, you announce them. The real prop-

jective on the whole, although the infallible admonition, "Proletarians of the world, unite!" annoyed us at the close of every program. Belgrade was a fertile source of fantastic rumor and pseudo-news. It became a byword among us in Paris that if



vote much attention to the French film industry? We have been told at least one answer. The Germans hope to use the French cultural ties with South America as a bridge to the Western Hemisphere. That was to be one of the French contributions to the new order. The French are liked in South America; they are the heirs of the Latin cultural tradition and would serve well as a cultural reservoir for Latin America. In building this South Atlantic bridge the Germans think that the film will play an important part. In the modern world the road to the masses is paved with celluloid.

Naturally the book publishing trade fell under the ban of the June censorship decree, and book publishing was completely and automatically suspended.

In France the book publishing business is somewhat different from our own. Books are not bought outright by the book seller, but always placed with him on consignment, and after a given number of months or years are returned to the publisher if unsold. As a result, the Paris book publisher of any importance normally has several million francs worth of books out on consignment.

To protect this investment and to collect on outstanding accounts, the business organization of the Paris publishing firms immediately resumed operation. The resumption of editorial operation was much more difficult, and by the end of December I knew of only two or three volumes, all of them obvious propaganda, which had succeeded in passing the German control.

At the same time, the head of each publishing firm received the visit of a German soldier, in most cases a non-commissioned officer—and was presented with a copy of *La Liste Otto*. This list had been compiled by some Nazi professor of that name, and included some four or five hundred volumes which book publishers were ordered to withdraw from sale, destroying every existing copy. The list included specifically anti-Nazi books, but also much of the literary work of German refugee writers. I noticed that General de Gaulle's book on the professional army was also included, although at the time of the preparation of *La Liste Otto*, General de Gaulle's movement had not yet taken form.

All the writings of Paul Reynaud were there, and books which sponsored the entente with England.

Except for *La Liste Otto*, there was no general suppression of the books of Jewish philosophers and intellectuals, as has occurred in Germany.

**I**N TRYING to analyze German propaganda in France, I find five main streams of effort. Although Nazi propaganda was not always crowned with success, I believe, on the other hand, that it was not entirely a failure.

The first stream of propaganda was directed against England. Now it is merely common sense to admit that England's past includes many blunders and even many crimes. However, it is little short of humorous for the Nazis to bring up in 1941 England's spoilation of the French colonies in the middle of the eighteenth century. It is equally silly to bring up the Fashoda incident, or England's conquest of the Sudan, as the Germans put it, "with Bible, checkbook, and cannon." The Dunkirk feat was played up, naturally, and Frenchmen were reminded that only Marshal Joffre prevented England from staging another Dunkirk in September 1914. Every ancient argument of history and of present advantage was hauled out to align the French population against the English. But this propaganda theme, I feel, was an utter failure. Certainly 95% of the French population hope for the victory of England.

The second propaganda theme had to do with the new order in Europe. Americans must think of the confusion, unhappiness, and the risk of civil war which confronted France during the last five years, to realize that the very word "order" made an appeal to the French people. They saw clearly that France had been heading for a precipice, apparently incapable of curing her own ailments. I believe that even a good many working people, those who had benefited most by the social reforms, were disillusioned by the price rises which had robbed them of most of the advantages of their increased wages. I think that his good common sense told many a French workman that forty hours work a week had weakened the entire life of France. Without any specific idea of what the new order

in Europe was going to be—and the German propaganda was never very specific on this point—he somehow felt that anything was better than the uncertainty, the constant mobilizations and de-mobilizations, the rancor, the plundering by petty politicians, which he had known for half a decade.

The third theme of German propaganda was that Germany was going to be France's "big brother" and make of France, and of all Europe, a new paradise. To every Frenchman, this was simply rot.

The fourth theme had to do with the failure of democracy, and the United States came in for strong criticism in the course of this attack. Every American sex crime, every child marriage in the Kentucky mountains, every lynching—even those several years old—were treated in the Paris press as examples of the degradation of a Jewish-controlled democracy. I believe that this did have a little effect, and that in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, the French were beginning to believe, through repeated propaganda, that democracy itself was an outmoded form of life. This did not benefit the Germans, I feel, but did prepare a greater acceptance for the corporative regime of Marshal Pétain.

A fifth stream was the anti-Jewish propaganda, which, to the tolerant Frenchman, was utterly obnoxious and failed of any results.

I therefore believe that among five propaganda themes, three were complete failures, and only two had a more or less partial effect.

In the expression of their culture, as in other fields, the French have had to submit to the invader. Only a small minority collaborates willingly. The rest, impelled by pressures of one sort or another, do so because they must. Beyond his enforced collaboration the Frenchman leads his independent mental life, applying his old values to new problems, observing skeptically the errors and behavior of the Germans. The more he becomes adjusted to the physical hardships of the occupation, the easier, in a sense, is it for him to think his own thoughts, plan his new course. Beneath the exterior there is a solid basis for the frequent optimism one hears, that France will live again. The Frenchman thinks of France as eternal.



# Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

THE United States of America vs. a Nazi-dominated Europe," that is the shape of things to be, according to the best Washington opinion. America is already in the war. No one doubts the fact. The wealth, genius, plant capacity, and eloquence of the Republic are all enlisted on the side of Britain and the latter's allies. If the Government had air fleets and armored divisions at its disposal, it would dispatch them to the defense of the Suez Canal. The only limit on the participation of America in the actual fighting is that of adequate preparation.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that the blueprints for camp construction in the United States were drawn up in 1937 and revised in 1940. A few sharp minds in the War and Navy Departments, watching the trend of events, elaborated plans for a combat Army and Navy. The same brains are now at work on projects that will extend well into the next five years. That is the minimum period regarded as necessary for the overthrow of the Nazi empire. No military or naval expert in Washington looks for an early, easy victory.

The ultimate triumph of America, however, is considered certain. An official, whose work brings him into almost daily contact with Cabinet members, explained the basis of this confidence.

"In what other country in the world," this gentleman inquired, rhetorically, "would you find a Congress willing to appropriate uncollected and virtually uncounted billions? What continent boasts the quantities of iron, oil, coal, and corn available here? How can the airplane factories of the Third Reich compete with the mass-production methods of America, once the latter are thrown into high gear? Above all, once the war gets into its attrition stages, the atmosphere of liberty and justice will furnish an overruling motive of victory." This is the mood of official Washington.

In opposition circles, of course, the tone is different. Representative

Joseph Martin, Republican leader, believes that sentiment for peace was never greater. It is his conviction that public opinion has begun to make itself felt in the Senate and House. He has not wavered in his belief that America can stay out of war, although supplying the best material and most efficient machines to Britain. He can see few benefits emerging from a determined resolution to "fight to a finish." Other Representatives, both Democratic and Republican, conceive that the best Britain can expect after a heroic resistance and powerful counterattack would be a negative victory: the mere survival of the British Empire.

It is understood that peace "feelers" have been put out by the Germans. The whole Japanese diplomatic force in the Capital is engaged in a campaign to pacify and reconcile the bitterest enemies. Admiral Nomura tells everybody that the Nipponese officers have never forgotten their training at the hands of the British. The comradeship of the sea, he insists, is still intact, since the oceans are broad and deep enough for the three world navies. The effort to initiate a Japan-United States non-aggression pact was part of this peace offensive. In the eyes

of State Department authorities, however, this attempt was simply another stratagem to leave "aggressors" in Occident and Orient in guilty possession of their spoils. Nor was it possible to escape the impression that, as with Mussolini, who pretended to be satisfied with conquest of Ethiopia, the pause in actual hostilities would be only "digestive."

Unusual significance was attributed to the statement of Mr. Charles F. Kettering, head of General Motors Research Division, who expressed belief that the German submarine menace would be shortly eliminated. It was brought to the attention of THE SIGN's Washington correspondents some weeks ago that Mr. Kettering, one of the nation's topflight engineering experts, had conducted a number of successful experiments at the U. S. Naval Base at Pensacola with a view to putting the quietus on the submarine. Members of several pivotal House Committees were acquainted with the details of the work. All were of the opinion that the Kettering device would play a crucial role in the Battle of the North Atlantic, especially in the "bottleneck" for shipping five hundred miles west of Ireland. Improved models of the new invention were immediately turned over to the British Admiralty. By the time this edition of "Inside Washington" is published, it should be possible to see the effect of the Kettering methods reflected in the safe arrival of tonnage at Liverpool and Glasgow.

This is one factor in the diminished emphasis upon the need of convoys. Eight weeks ago, the convoy question was a burning issue. In fact, the public was assured that without convoys Britain's days were numbered in weeks, not months. Now convoys are said to be "old-fashioned" and "out of date." There is another interesting reason offered for this development. In circles where the most authentic information circulates, it is reported that "patrols" actually do the work of "convoys." So far, so good. But what



Harrie-Being photos  
Secretary of State Cordell B. Hull

the public has not been educated to see is that patrols also run all the risks of convoys. In short, the United States Navy and His Majesty's ships of war are making a reality of "hands across the sea." The "bridge of ships" is not poetry.

Closely connected with the question of sea patrol is the projected creation of a Caribbean Division in the United States Department of State. The purpose is to achieve better co-ordination among a number of disparate interests in the Caribbean area. This is one of the most strategic regions in the Western Hemisphere from the standpoint of national defense.

As things stand at present, the islands and waters of the West Indies present a variegated mosaic. United States contacts with the British possessions, such as Bermuda, the Bahamas, and Jamaica, are intimate. Definite military and naval agreements cover every possible situation. But these islands also have civil governments, which can collaborate with the United States Department of State. There is growing concern over the affairs of Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. The French islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique, are on the point of assimilation into the United States defense plans. Consequently, the proposal to establish a separate division which would give these areas a unified direction is receiving the favorable attention of both President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Hon. Cordell B. Hull, Secretary of State. In view of the experience and training of Mr. Sumner Welles, it is planned to confide this new department to the Under Secretary.

A more remote objective of this policy is to include Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands in the division, although these islands are formally United States territory. American citizens probably would resent being grouped or "typed" with foreigners. Economically, of course, it is believed that all the islands would benefit from the unification, inasmuch as they depend to no small extent upon a single crop for export income: sugar. No doubt a formula will be evolved to meet all possible objections.

If unified direction is desirable in some of the minor problems of Hemisphere defense, a strong central

leadership is recognized as imperative in production, labor, and financial machinery. A reluctance to delegate power is still noticeable in the Capital. This has elicited criticism from one of the country's leading engineers, Dr. William E. Wickenden, President of the Case School of Applied Science. According to Dr. Wickenden, "we are still trying to grow a defense head on a New Deal body and tail." He added that we are "running into alarming shortages of engineers, chemists, technicians, and craftsmen." The newspaper men in Washington, obliged to canvass numerous subordinate officials for the final word or decision on defense projects, are in a good position to know how little authority has been entrusted by the President to his efficiency engineers. Mr. William Knudsen, for all his splendid patriotism and technical knowledge, has not attained the stature of a Bernard Baruch. Much less does

There are class conflict overtones (or undertones) in the contemporaneous symphony of love and hate, peace and war. Leftist groups in Washington and New York are deeply exercised over the fact that "sons of the masses" are not eligible for service as officers in the Air Corps. Due to the educational qualifications, it is claimed, young men of the proletariat are not being inducted into positions of responsibility in the air arm of the Army and Navy. Pointing to the vastly enhanced power of bombing planes, these Leftist critics contend that, in case of domestic trouble, the most destructive machines in the modern military set-up could be employed by the rich against the poor. An effort has been made to interest one or two radical Congressmen to try to change this situation by legislation. The Leftists are determined to control the Air Force. To date, however, they have been unable to exert



*Charles F. Kettering and William S. Knudsen. Mr. Kettering has recently turned over to the British Admiralty a device that may prove of vital importance in the present war*

Mr. Sidney Hillman, suave, studious, and moderate, fit into the picture of a nation in arms.

It is felt in Washington that sufficient use is not being made of the British experience with half-measures and, shall we say, non-dynamic giants. The Capital doesn't even have a pint-sized edition of Lord Beaverbrook! Nor does the United States Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, faintly resemble Mr. Ernest Bevin, her opposite number in Britain.

much pressure upon members of the Congress.

In like fashion, it is an objective of the Marxist elements to place key men in jobs at the various military and naval airports and airdromes. The campaigns in Europe, Asia, and Africa have shown that the forces which control the air fields are most likely to extend their sphere of influence to every section of the disputed terrain. A few extremists, therefore, are endeavoring to utilize the Capital as a headquarters for

an attempt to dominate the ground personnel at key airdromes.

Control of the air is also a dominant consideration in the White House discussions of American interest in the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. In one of the conversations held by President Roosevelt with the "Big Four," Senator Alben Barkley, Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and Majority Leader John W. McCormack, the Chief Executive drew a line through the Atlantic Ocean, indicating the zones vital to United States defense. More than half the Azores fell into this latter category. For this reason, President Roosevelt invoked the rule of logic: "The greater absorbs the lesser part." Confronted with exactly the contrary condition in the Cape Verde group, he humorously remarked that it was not fair to "take advantage of a principle when it was favorable and then shirk the consequences when the same rule turned to one's disadvantage." All that one could conclude in such a case, he added, was to fall back on a more fundamental maxim: "*Salus populi, suprema lex*:" the safety of the people is the supreme law. It was the consensus of opinion at this conference that Dakar, a port in Africa, could hardly be deemed essential to defense of the United States, until some overt act by the Nazis would jeopardize that region.

For the last two weeks, the principal White House advisers have been expecting a German drive through Spain to Portugal. Such action, it was acknowledged, would immediately raise the question of the occupation of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands in an acute form. The view prevailed that Portugal, by order of the Premier, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, would exhibit a "token defense." Nothing was said about the probable attitude of Generalissimo Francisco Franco in Spain, although it was clear that Portugal could not be seized without crossing the Pyrenees. It was known in Washington that one consideration apt to deter Adolf Hitler from a move in the Iberian Peninsula was his need of a free port, like Lisbon, for the dispatch of agents into the neutral or non-belligerent world. This consideration, it was thought, might delay the invasion of

Portugal until the ultimate instant.

In the May issue of *THE SIGN*, Washington was described as "Boomtown on the Potomac." Mention was also made of the cut-throat rentals charged in the District of Columbia. Recently, legislation was introduced in the Congress to give President Roosevelt complete control of rents in the District as a measure of protecting the influx of Government workers now crowding the Capital as never before. The bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, Chairman of the House District Committee.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE Randolph announced that his bill was introduced after a long consultation with members of the office of Mr. Leon Henderson, head of the defense Price Administration. It was likewise stated that the Bureau of Labor Statistics would co-operate by conducting a survey of housing as it affects the life and work of Government employees in the city. It is planned to interview the clerks with respect to their type of apartment or room, the nature of the conveniences at their disposal, distance from work, and the amount of rent exacted. Wage-earners, who have been paying out forty or fifty dollars a month for a room in a good neighborhood, are delighted by the possibilities of relief offered by this proposal.

The National Youth Administration, always a storm center, is causing additional controversy in the cloakrooms and lobbies of the Congress. Much of the argument revolves around the utility of NYA's training of young people for places in the national defense set-up. The debate waxes hot as to whether the NYA provides genuine "work experience." Congressional proponents of the project are emphatic in their praise of the NYA as an instrument which introduces young men and young women to useful employment. Back in the early days of the depression, before anyone heard of a "recession," the youngsters found they couldn't donate their services to any cause. Much less could they expect compensation for labor, whether for public works or in private industry. At this point, the NYA entered the picture. Aptitudes of the young

were analyzed; they were the beneficiaries of an embryo placement service; they began to receive part-time training in white-collar and manual training jobs.

This effort is beginning to pay dividends, and to demand larger appropriations! On May 1, for example, there were over 400,000 boys and girls on the NYA out-of-school rolls, with another 390,000 certified as eligible for NYA, but for whom there is no money and no jobs. There were also close to a half a million students in 30,000 schools getting NYA assistance: \$3 to \$4 a month in high school; \$10 to \$30 in college.

Every NYA job must, by law, be socially useful. The furniture produced must be suitable for classrooms or halls. Roofs for school buildings must keep out the rain. The white-collar projects give employment in library research, secretarial and clerical work, public health activity, school lunch preparation, and the repair of clothing. Every year, at least a million young people feel the touch of NYA. The turn-over is rapid. During the current fiscal year, NYA has had an initial appropriation of \$102,000,000, plus \$55,000,000 in two supplemental appropriations. For the next fiscal year, it is asking for the initial \$102,000,000. Mr. Aubrey Williams, Director of the National Youth Administration, estimates that it would cost about \$900,000,000 to do everything for youth that ought to be done.

As to raising money to meet these and other expenses of the Federal Government, the President and the Congress continue to do the Alphonse-Gaston act. The zeal for economy which marked the opening of the year has completely evaporated. No one, either in the White House or on Capitol Hill, makes the slightest pretense of paring appropriations. The blue sky is the limit. As a result, Wall Street brokers, with a will to get their hands on tangible values, are buying up choice residential sites in the suburbs of our big cities. Inflation is a "condition, not a theory," in the words of a famous political economist. The era of speculation, of zooming profits, of fresh fortunes, and new families is under way. We are face-to-face with another "Dance of the Billions!"





*Philip Murray, head of the C. I. O.*



*Radical labor leader Harry Bridges and John L. Lewis*

**IT** HAS been said that this is the age of labor. The combined force of law and organization has given labor a power and a prestige never before attained in modern history. Some would even assert that labor today is king, and that industry and government are its servants.

There is probably much exaggeration in this picture. It may be true that in isolated instances labor has dictatorial power. In other cases it has a greatly enhanced position. It is quite possible that in many large industries today, the worker through organization is able to deal with capital on terms of equality. On the other hand, there are still broad fields of activity where labor is weak and where even the fundamental rights of the worker are denied him. Perhaps a truer picture would portray labor today as an army on the march, with many objectives won, but with much still to be accomplished.

Putting aside exaggerations or unsound generalizations, it remains a fact that the modern labor movement is one of the major forces in American economic and political life. It has such strength that the public is genuinely worried over the possibilities of its abuse. As things stand today, bad leadership in the

labor field would be a grave menace to national safety. With un-American, unpatriotic guidance in the factories, it is quite possible that we might lose the battle of production and fail to turn out the weapons needed for our own defense and that of our American neighbors. We might well assert that high quality in our union leaders is even more fundamental than excellence in our tanks or airplanes.

We fear two defects in the men who lead labor: Communism and dishonesty. The one gives us the follower of the Party line; the other, the racketeer. The one would try directly to sabotage defense; the other would break down morale and worker loyalty. Both are dangers in times of peace; they may be intolerable in a national emergency. It is vitally important that we know the signs of such activities, their causes, and their remedies.

Communism is not as easily detected as one might suspect from the newspapers and certain Congressional committees. In trying to ascertain the loyalty of a union leader,

two snares must be avoided at the beginning. In the first place, we must be sure that we are not being used as dupes by antilabor industrialists. Certain employers, who for various reasons are unwilling to deal with the agents of the workers, are quick to raise the cry of Communism when union activity appears in the plant. In one great national corporation, the labor spies employed by it used the word "Communist" as synonymous with "unionist," even though their later sworn testimony indicated that they rarely had any proof of these assertions. In fact, reformed spies have asserted that they seldom found evidences of Communism in the labor movement.

On the other hand, one cannot always accept denials of Communism on the part of accused persons. Today, at least, it is a settled point of Communist ethics to commit perjury, if necessary, to escape the red label. Some, of course, must profess the "faith" openly, but others are permitted or even encouraged to dissimulate and conceal their real

## MEN WHO LEAD





William Green greets Daniel Tobin of the Teamsters' Union



David Dubinsky, Garment Workers' Leader  
Photos from Harris & Ewing

# LABOR

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

views. Accordingly, the average reader is left in a most uncomfortable position, not being able to believe uncritically either charges of Communism or denials of these indictments.

The dilemma just outlined is not really an insuperable obstacle. The Gospels give us the means of surmounting it: "By their fruits, you shall know them." The surest technique for discovering Communist leaders is to read the official publications of the Party. In this way one discovers both the Party line and the individuals or organizations favored by the Party. Since the Party Line is often a wavering, fluctuating trail rather than a straight road, it is not hard to find who is following it and who is deviating from it. If, for example, the Party is emphasizing a particular slogan, and a union leader takes time off from union business to urge this slogan, he may well be suspected. If the practice is repeated, despite all the twists and turnings of the official slogans, then suspicion might deepen into conviction. For example, if

a leader in July 1939 spent all his spare moments in denouncing Germany, and in September 1939 suddenly made an about-face (after the Soviet-Nazi pact), then one might reasonably infer that he is at least a "fellow traveler." This technique is rather simple and much more reliable than various investigating committees or most personal inquiries.

In every diocese, some leaders of Catholic action, clerical and lay, should be well enough trained regularly to read with safety Communist literature, especially the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. Only in this way can one hope to discover the undercover Communist and the united front organizations. Our educators read the works of Dewey that they might answer him and protect others from dangerous views. Our sociologists read literature on birth control, the better to refute it. Likewise, in this field, it is time that we discard hearsay and get first-hand, reliable evidence on the actual extent and location of Communist infiltration. Not every

leader praised by Communists is of necessity of their number, nor every organization approved, a united front "transmission belt." But persons familiar with radical writings soon get a "nose" for approved teachings, persons, and groups.

A more direct approach to the Communist problem is through reliable contacts within the labor movement. High union officials generally know who among them are tied up with subversive groups. They are not unwilling to impart this information to those who will use it in a loyal, discreet manner. Usually they are just as anxious as are we to get rid of the Communist, since his first loyalty is to the Party and not to the union. But they demand that we use such information constructively, not merely lash out in an indiscriminate manner, hurting the union movement generally without really affecting the guilty individual.

Confidences have to be won; they are not to be had for the asking. First we must prove our loyalty to the genuine ideals of the labor movement. We must show ourselves willing to make sacrifices to help the worker. Then we are in a position to make demands. Human nature is such that we welcome and act

upon suggestions from a friendly critic, when the same advice from a hostile critic only spurs us to defense and counter-recrimination. Labor leaders are not less human than the rest of us.

We may summarize the ideas listed above by saying that a genuine attempt to purge the labor movement is a full-time task. It is not something for casual investigation and occasional denunciation. Practically, we must make up our minds whether we wish to say something witty and striking for the headlines, or whether we wish to get results. The technique is different in each case. The first is easier, but it does little good. The second is harder, but it alone is worth while.

An analogy might make this point clearer. Supposing that a certain Catholic school is a fire hazard, one might make a speech on the question, obtain newspaper publicity, provoke a defense from the authorities, with the possibility that to save face the existing situation would be justified and continued. On the other hand, one could quietly go to the proper authorities, explain the situation, and outline practical means of betterment. It may be that adjustments would be expensive and difficult. One might find it easier to point out evils than to suggest workable alternatives. But the chances of success are much greater. Constructive criticism is always harder than destructive; it is much easier to agitate with a general hope that the situation will be bettered, than to study it carefully with a view of making concrete, practicable proposals. This point is most important for those concerned with labor relations. We should apply here the lessons learned in cleaning up the motion picture industry. General denunciations were useless, but organization succeeded.

Finding Communists in the labor movement is but a first step. More important but more difficult is the task of removing them. Here one runs against the old aphorism "nature abhors a vacuum." There is more to the problem than moving one man out; there is the question of replacing him with an equally efficient successor. Good labor leaders are not available in wholesale lots. Precisely because the path of organized labor has been so thorny

and the opposition so powerful, there is a dearth of capable executives in its ranks. Until recently—and even now in many cases—a union organizer had to combine the qualities of a statesman, a conspirator, and a martyr. He had to be clever, secretive, and brave. Men who worked in the open too soon paid the price by losing their jobs, occasionally their lives. Men who were not prepared to take cruel beatings, either moral or physical, had no business trying to organize mass production industries.

Naturally, when the "main chance" appeared with the passage of the Wagner Act, an intensive search was made for leaders of this stripe. Older unions were stripped of their best men, but still there were not enough to go around. But one group of clever, militant, and cautious workers was available, namely, the Communist cells throughout the land. Many a Communist was willing to pick up additional funds and invaluable contacts by accepting a position as an organizer. In other cases, their zeal in promoting union activities soon won them executive positions in the new unions. This is the history of the Communist tinge in many unions at the present time.

**T**HE secret of Communist success is zealous work for the cause which they are promoting for the moment. As a result, Communist leaders are successful union heads. It is often alleged, for example, that Michael Quill of New York and Harry Bridges of California are Communists. Whether they are or not can easily be discovered by applying the tests mentioned earlier. But whatever be their status on the matter of Communism, unquestionably they are successful leaders of their unions. They have won the men benefits of a very substantial nature. In some cases they have transformed the working conditions of whole groups of employees. Naturally the workers are grateful for these notable improvements. They express their gratitude by electing them to office.

Are we to tell workers to get rid of successful leaders without doing anything to replace them? Before we condemn their attitude and tell the unions that they must purge themselves of Communism at any cost,

we might well examine our own consciences. It may be that we have condoned the activities of dishonest politicians on similar grounds, that they have been doing a substantially good job and a few minor lapses might be overlooked. One wonders why long ago union leaders have not asked us why we are so free in advice to them and so sparing in admonitions to corrupt politicians of our own faith and nationality.

Here again, the practical way is the hard way. If we wish to rid the unions of Communists, we must first encourage steps to replace them. That means fighting for the principle of collective bargaining, so that decent family men will not be afraid to accept union jobs lest they endanger the security of their families. It also means training God-fearing leaders in Catholic labor schools so that they will be able to fight well-trained subversive groups. We must give a new interpretation to the Confirmation phrase "soldier of Christ," and apply it to the workman of today. He should be told that it is his Catholic duty to get into the fray and to fight in spite of the underhand, smearing, disgusting tactics of his Communist opponents. He must be ready to face a bitter, disillusioning struggle. At times he will weary of it all and be prepared to give up the labor movement. Then he needs encouragement and strength from Catholic leaders, for if he gives up, that particular union is left at the mercy of subversive groups.

In a union, Communists know what they want and how to get it. They are active; they are vocal in meetings; they understand all the tricks and artifices of parliamentary law. They confuse and wear down their opponents. They do not hesitate to defame his character, to start whispering campaigns against him, and to make him thoroughly sick of the whole business. There is where the "soldier of Christ" enters. Catholics must be trained and encouraged to fight back. With knowledge and courage, the rest is easy. Ninety-five per cent or more of union men are decent Americans, hating every un-American movement. They have Communist leaders at times only because these groups are clever enough to exploit their indifference and lack of train-

ing. But bring the issue into the open, give them a real choice with good leaders on the side of light, and the problem will soon be settled.

Communists train their members to take active leadership in any movement. If we will combat them effectively, we must train our members so that they can exercise leadership equally intelligent and courageous. This in its turn demands teachers capable of giving this training. If by any chance such teachers are not available in a given diocese, then a realistic appraisal of the situation demands that they be provided. This may be a long-time rather than an immediate task. But given the power of labor now and in the future, it is a work of high importance.

Similar realism is needed to handle the problem of racketeering. This is a very complex problem with many roots. It may arise from a sick industry, where capital and labor both use extralegal means to restrict production to actual demand by removing "unfair competition." Again, it may come about as a result of rank and file indifference, which permits unfit leaders to get into office and to remain in an entrenched position. Often racketeering has its roots in corrupt politics and the gangsterism which flourishes in its midst. Once the reign of the "gorilla" is secure, then he seeks ever new sources of revenue. Now that bootlegging is no longer profitable and kidnaping is too dangerous, he turns to furnish-

ing "protection" as a means of livelihood.

In all the cases outlined above, it is easier to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy. For sick industries, such as the construction industry, nothing short of a major economic operation will work. At present, prices are sky-high because everybody is trying to get a year's income out of the few months' work available. If prices were lower, then demand would undoubtedly increase and work would be more common. But all prices must be cut simultaneously; unilateral cuts by one group only would be ineffective. There must be simultaneous drops in the hourly price of labor, in the cost of materials, of money, and of land. There must be modernizing of building codes and the introduction of efficient methods. In view of recent court interpretations of the antitrust laws, there must be new legislation enabling government to curb abuses in this field. These are heavy demands, but probably nothing less will remove racketeering in the building trades.

One hardly needs to indicate how difficult it is to clean up politics. It is not impossible. It has been done in many places. But it requires more than angry protests or shocked denunciations. It requires organization, action, and good hard work. Our protests did not clean up the motion picture industry, but our action did. Once again, realism demands that we face the full consequences of our protests.

In view of the complexity of these

problems, we can understand certain apparent contradictions in the present-day labor movement. Mr. Murray cannot remove Communists simply because we wish him to; getting rid of them is a complex process. At times he may even be forced to defend, because of their service to labor, alleged Communists. Knowing that Harry Bridges is being attacked, not because of his asserted Communism, but because of his unionism, then he may be called upon to fight for him. Likewise it is not always easy for Mr. Green to remove racketeers. Local unions have autonomy; their officers usually are elected by the men in a democratic manner; it is not always possible arbitrarily to remedy difficult situations. The will to remedy the situation does not of itself supply the means of doing so.

This article is not an apology for Communism or racketeering in the labor movement. It is simply a plea for an *effective* attack on these twin evils. Mere denunciation is not effective. We must get to causes, propose workable alternatives, and give ourselves with intelligence and energy to the task of reform. Persons of experience in these fields soon become painfully aware of how easy it is merely to criticize without being constructive. They see so many attacks by outsiders on the Church (for example: why does not the Pope stop this war by excommunicating all who partake in it? why does not the Church crush Fascism? and the like) that belong in such a category, that they become sensitive on the matter of negative complaint.

As a reassuring conclusion, it might be stated that Communism and racketeering are not major problems in the labor movement. They affect only a small segment of the whole and appear usually only where there are special conditions. Even so, these evils are important enough and potentially dangerous enough to warrant our serious consideration. But there is no need of viewing the entire labor movement with alarm because of the few. The seamy side of labor is a product of the unhealthy environment in which many unions were forced to grow. Encourage genuine, sincere collective bargaining, and this particular labor problem would be largely history.



Michael Quill, radical head of the Transport Workers Union



# That sensible vacation..

by Christine Whiting Parmenter

Illustrated By May Burke

YOU don't mean," said young Mrs. Hawley severely, "that you and Ned are going to different places for your vacation?"

Nan Roberts laughed, stuffed another cushion behind her guest's indignant back, and answered:

"You've caught the idea very quickly, Flora."

"But I haven't caught the idea at all! What will people say? No one in Hillside ever thought of doing such a thing!"

"Well, it's time they did! Have you ever seen the Dennies start for the mountains? It's perfect agony. Mrs. Dennie can never really plan because the doctor's more likely than not to be delayed. You know yourself, Flora, how you have to save your best clothes before a vacation. Well, poor Mrs. Dennie gets down to rags while she's waiting for the doctor to get away. Then, just as they put their suitcases on the auto, the telephone rings, or he stops to see a patient on the way and finds he can't go at all, and they traipse home again just too late to catch the maid, who's gone to stay with her second cousin of somebody, and then—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Hawley, "poor Dr. Dennie can't help himself, can he? What would you have them do?"

"Exactly what we are doing," answered Nan decidedly. "Let Mrs. Dennie take a sensible vacation by herself. She hates the mountains anyway, and goes only to please the doctor, who doesn't like the shore. Then sometime when he can get off comfortably, let him go; and she'd be saved that awful waiting around, not knowing whether they'll start or not. No wonder she's thin!"

"But I don't see how it affects you, Nan. Ned isn't a doctor. You can plan months ahead, and go wherever you like."

"Go where Ned likes, you mean," said Nan grimly. "If he weren't so enamored of his old clothes—"

"What on earth have Ned's old clothes got to do with your vacation?" asked Mrs. Hawley.

"They have everything to do with it, my dear. It's plain to see, Flora, that you haven't been married very long. Maybe Howard hasn't any old clothes, but I assure you that when he has acquired them they'll be the first things he'll lay out when you're packing for your yearly jaunt: thick flannel shirts with low collars (and you know, Flora, how long Ned's neck is!) spotted old khaki trousers, and boots—"

"But I don't see—"

"Well, you will five years from now. I've thought it all out carefully. Ned was a little dense at first, but now he's keen about it. The trouble with most couples is the fact that when they go on a vacation they need just the opposite things. Now take Ned, or Howard, or George Smith or any of our crowd. They work all day in an office. Is it any wonder that when vacation time approaches they long for old khaki and soft shirt? They yearn to lie on their backs under the pine trees and look up at the sky through the branches, or to sit all day on a hard rock waiting for some unfortunate fish to bite. They want to forget such things as pavements, and elevators, and investments. They positively need to go off on endless tramps. Oh, the times I've sat on the hotel piazza till after dark, wishing Ned would come back, and worry-

ing for fear he'd broken a leg or something! And when he did come, to see him stalk right into the dining-room, all dirty and disheveled and—"

"I know," admitted Flora grudgingly, "they do look pretty awful, most of them. But there was a Dr. Chapman we met at Jackson—"

"Oh, I know him," sighed Nan discouragedly. "He can tramp all day and return looking the well-groomed gentleman. He makes the other men look all the worse. Why, one night at Intervale (they had fairly slid down the side of Webster), Ned was so filthy I made him undress into an umbrella."

"An umbrella!"

"Yes. I opened it, you know, and he dropped his things into it as he took them off. Well, if the men enjoy that sort of thing, and waiting all day for a trout that never bites, I say, let them, but their wives—"

"Yes, their wives?" asked Flora breathlessly, as Nan paused.

"Well, Flora," said Nan, raising an expressive eyebrow, "does the thought of that rock beside the flowing stream—well, does it appeal to you?"

Flora flushed guiltily as she replied: "Well, Nan, I don't *enthus* over fishing."

"Of course you don't! What you pine for, Flora, is a good hotel where you don't even make your own bed; where you're sure of three good meals a day which you didn't plan yourself, a chance to wear your afternoon things in the morning, and to dress up every night as if you were going to the Country Club ball. I know. Just the thought that for two weeks I haven't got to see that the children brush their teeth and wash their ears, or be in at five-thirty to put the baby to bed—"

"Nan!" Flora's was the shocked tone of a young mother. "If I didn't know what a conscientious mother you are, I would think you were perfectly horrid."

"I'm not," answered Nan calmly. "I'm merely saying what we all feel. You know, Flora, I've never sent my children off to camps to get rid of them, for, as Ned says: 'What's the use of having children, if you can't see 'em?' But mother's wild to spoil them for two weeks, and I like them all the better when I get back. For that matter, I expect to be perfectly crazy about Ned when he re-



turns from Maine. He starts tomorrow morning."

"Alone?" gasped Flora awedly.

"Yes, alone. He's thirty-six years old, Flora, and it's not necessary to put him in care of the conductor. And I leave a few hours later, after closing the house and taking the children to Mother's. My dear, I shall lie abed till ten every morning! It will be perfect bliss not to see Ned prowling about the room at sunrise, hunting for his clothes. Somehow it seems to me he gets up twice as early on vacations, just because the baby isn't there to wake us."

"Well," said Mrs. Hawley, rising, "it may be sensible, but I hope Howard will never be so sensible that he'll be willing to take his vacations without me. And I thought you and Ned were so devoted, and—and congenial."

Her voice was tragic, and Nan laughed.

"We are," she said. "We understand each other perfectly. That's why I'm sending him off on a fishing trip while I get rested at a hotel. Why, Flora, you act as if we were headed for the divorce court!"

"You never can tell," answered Flora gloomily, moving toward the door. "There were the Nortons. They landed in the divorce court after she went to Colorado alone."

"But that's why she went to Colorado!" laughed Nan. "And as for vacations—well, if I remember rightly she never let him have half an hour alone. They went camping, with a guide and all the fixings. That was his idea; but she hated it, and used to console herself by getting a lot of showy sport clothes, and acting grouchy. And she came home all swelled up with bites—black flies and mosquitoes. I don't blame her for leaving him! If Ned subjected me to bites like that—Mercy! Here he is now! And I do believe he's got another fish pole. Don't go, Flora. Ned must be early. Well, if you must, goodbye, dear. I probably shan't see you again before we start."

"In an hour's time," said Nan to her husband, as she watched Flora turn in at the Dennie's gate, "we shall be town talk. Our sensible vacation will cause a scandal."

More than one curious eye was upon Ned Roberts when he de-



He glanced up. "Great Caesar's ghost, Nan! Where did you come from?"

parted for Maine the next morning.

"She didn't even take him to the station in the car," said Mrs. Dennie to Flora Hawley. "I suppose she was too busy packing her clothes. Mary says she's got two new evening gowns. She's going to a fine hotel in the mountains. I don't see why she doesn't go to the sea. If I had my way—but there! Jim works so hard, and vacations come only once a year." But she looked regretful.

"Well, I hope," Mrs. Dennie continued grimly, "that it isn't the beginning of the end. And I thought

the Roberts were so congenial. There's the expressman for her trunk now."

At noon Mrs. Dennie watched the Roberts' maid depart, followed shortly by Nan and the three children, the oldest of whom crossed the street to leave the door key in her care, "in case the house should burn down or anything," he said cheerfully.

"Is your mamma going right to the mountains?" asked Mrs. Dennie, hoping for further information.

"She's going tomorrow, after she

leaves us children at Grandma's."

"And won't your papa be lonely without her?"

"Oh, no. Dad says he's going to have the time of his young life. He didn't take a thing with him but old clothes. Goodby, Mrs. Dennie. Mother's calling."

"Well," said Mrs. Dennie firmly, as she went within, although there was no one to speak to but herself, "I hope Nan Roberts will enjoy her sensible vacation. But if it were Jim, saying right before the children that he expected to have the time of his life without me—"

Mrs. Dennie snorted, and proceeded to count out the returned laundry with all the outraged feelings of a devoted wife.

It was on Saturday night that Nan Roberts reached the scene of her sensible vacation. Her train was late, so she went straight to the dining room for dinner, and from there to her bedroom where she unpacked, indulged in a bath in her private bathroom, and went to bed.

The private bath gave her a sense of luxury. That alone was worth dollars to her, she thought. At home there was certainly nothing "private" about the bathroom, since the whole family usually dressed there. If ever she built a house, thought Nan, as she closed her drowsy eyes, there should be a bathroom for every member of the family.

Next morning, attired in what would have been afternoon garb in Hillside, she sought the dining room, realizing with pleasure that it was after nine, and that had Ned been with her she would have been down a good hour earlier. She found some old acquaintances among the guests, and spent a lazy, delightful day, wondering occasionally what Ned was doing, and hoping he was having as good a time as she was. When in the morning (after another late arising), she received a letter from her better-half, saying he was having a wonderful time and had caught six trout that morning, she knew that her plan had been a wise one. With a little thrill she looked forward to the evening. There was to be a dance, and she would wear her orchid taffeta. And she believed now that she'd finish the tea cloth begun three years ago. She never had time at home, and hitherto her vacations had been in-

terrupted by tramps and fishing trips. *This* was a real vacation!

It was on Thursday that Nan began to feel uneasy. For two days it had rained, and no letter had come from Ned. She did hope he hadn't taken cold. It was just like him to fish all day in the soaking rain and get wet through. Dinner time came and she didn't feel like dressing. It seemed hardly worth while without Ned to tell her she looked a "peach." Ned was always so dear about noticing her clothes, or the way she did her hair. To be sure, that young Oakleigh from Virginia had admired her gown, and danced with her four times, but it had only made her feel queer. That was the worst of being so terribly married. Well, she hoped Ned wasn't ill.

But when the morning's mail brought a hasty postal, saying that her husband was having a "bully" time, Nan felt mildly resentful. Although the rain had ceased it was too wet to walk in the woods, and the hours dragged. Here was a glorious chance to work on the tea cloth, but she didn't feel like embroidering; and it did seem an awful waste of time to play bridge in the morning, as so many of the women

were doing. Hotel life was certainly demoralizing. Most of those women did nothing but eat, and embroider, and grow fat.

If Ned were here they would go for a tramp, wet leaves or not! Well, anyway, she knew he was enjoying himself. By afternoon she was wondering if the children were well, and why her mother hadn't written every day. She remembered that the baby had looked a little pale the morning she left home, and that she'd forgotten to warn her mother about letting Junior sit up too late. Mother was so indulgent, and the little boy was growing so fast he needed sleep.

Nan did not dance that evening. Instead, she began putting things in the bottom of her trunk. She didn't know why she did it, except that she wanted to be ready in an emergency. Sunday with no mail was intolerable. When at six o'clock some men arrived in tramping togs, she had a sudden wild hope that Ned was with them; but her hope faded as she watched them pass under the bright lights.

It was then that Nan realized what ailed her. She was homesick! Homesick for Ned, who was having "the time of his life" without her.

Then Nan made a resolve. She wouldn't spoil Ned's vacation for anything, but *she* had had enough. She would go to her mother's. The children would be overjoyed, and she'd be home Saturday to welcome Ned just as they'd planned. For the first time in three days her heart felt light. She was fairly humming as she packed her trunk. She wanted Ned, but the children were next best, and it was her own fault about this ridiculous vacation. Ned would never, never have thought of it himself.

It was nearly six o'clock next day when Nan Roberts opened the door of her mother's house. The hall was almost dark, but a light shone from the dining room. Evidently the children were having supper. Nan could hear Nita's flute-like voice, and Baby's laugh. The sound thrilled her. She could hardly wait to cross the room and get her arms around them. What a surprise it would be! She moved softly to the open doorway, then stopped, petrified by what she saw.

The dining table was set for four.



The morning mail brought a hasty postal saying that her husband was having a "bully" time

One seat was empty, evidently awaiting Grandma, whose step was heard in the kitchen beyond. Nita occupied one chair, and Junior another, while in the third sat Ned, the baby blissfully cuddled in his arms!

"When Mother gets through being a fine lady," he was saying, "and comes back to keep us all in order, you can't have strawberry jam for supper, young ladies; but when the cat's away—" (he glanced up) "Great Caesar's ghost, Nan! Where did you come from?"

Regardless of Grandma's beautifully arranged centerpiece he deposited the baby on the table, and took Nan in his arms. And he hugged her—hugged her hard until the children fairly pulled him away and demanded her attention. When Nan looked up, flushed and happy from her welcome, her mother stood placidly regarding her.

"I've been wondering how long you'd hold out," she said calmly. "Ned's been here since Friday night."

Nan stared at her husband. "Friday night! Why, I thought you were having the—the time of your life!"

"I did," he said unblushingly, "for twenty-four hours—maybe thirty-six. It was fine to think I wasn't dragging you along when you'd rather be eating a good dinner at the hotel. But later—well, it's not much fun catching trout without you to show 'em to; and somehow the picnic lunches didn't taste right."

"But why," said Nan, sinking into a chair and hugging Baby, "why didn't you join me at the mountains?"

"And spoil your sensible vacation?" said Ned reproachfully. "I'm not so mean as that. Besides, I hadn't any clothes along—the kind to sport 'round a swell hotel in, you know. Well, I stuck it out as long as I could. Then I decided that if I couldn't play with you I could at least play with the kids, and I knew Mother would take me in. But you—won't you explain yourself, my dear?"

"Since she's here that's hardly necessary," said Grandma, setting down a plate of hot, buttered toast. "Junior, you put a place on for Mother while Daddy takes her upstairs to leave her things. Don't cry, Baby. Mother's only going to wash her face."

## "THE BUD OF THE LORD"

By FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ

—ISAIAH, 4,2

*I am the flower of the rod  
from Jesse's root  
that once with God  
flared forth as Horeb's fiery fruit,  
left rod unscarred as shrub uncharred.  
The apple tree  
where Eve was marred  
is kin, through Sharon's rose, to me;  
there grafted, I was lifted high  
to draw all men  
and raise them by  
the staff that felled them. It was then  
the Lord's bud burst in fullest flower,  
white-rose-red,  
until the hour  
it was cut and cast out dead.  
But rottenness was not its lot:  
from death's forlorn  
and barren spot  
the Flame that spoke to Moses chose  
to fire the thorn  
again with rose,  
with one bright Rose!*

But it seemed to the children that it took Mother a long time to wash her face.

Nan didn't really look at her husband until she had taken off her hat and laid it carefully upon the bed. She wouldn't have looked at him then, had he not caught her hand, and lifted her face to his.

"Nan," he said, "I believe you're crying!"

Nan's face was hidden on the despondent flannel shirt.

"I—I've been so silly," she sobbed, "thinking I could have a good time without you—and spoiling our vacation, and all—"

"Who says you've spoiled our vacation?" said Ned sternly. "We've got another week, haven't we, and there's a circus at Ralston tomorrow. We'll take the kids, and Mother, and—Nan, stop crying! If you knew how glad I am to see you—and how terribly I've missed you! Why, we'll have a corking vacation! Look up. I want to kiss you again!"

It caused some surprise at Hillside when on Monday afternoon the Roberts returned together, children and all. Mrs. Dennie, watching from her window, ran over with the key.

"I looked for you on Saturday," she said. "Didn't you stay longer than you expected?"

"Yes," answered Nan demurely, "we met at Mother's, and she wanted us to spend Sunday. We've had a wonderful vacation, Mrs. Dennie."

"Well, you certainly look so," replied Mrs. Dennie grudgingly, "but I'm older than you, Mrs. Roberts, and I feel it my duty to say that your experiment may prove dangerous. Men, even the best of them, like change; and a wife's place is at her husband's side."

"Sure it is!" said Ned, who had appeared in time to hear Mrs. Dennie's long-prepared advice. "But Nan and I had a bully vacation just the same."

And Mrs. Dennie sighed sadly as she crossed the street!





Carrier towing 75-mm. howitzer passing combat cars during maneuvers  
Photos by U. S. Army Signal Corps

# Uncle Sam Builds An Army

By CAPT. WILLIAM H. BAUMER, JR.

THE American Army has suddenly broken out in a rash of maneuvering. Daily newspaper headlines report that divisions are to operate one against another, or that they will defend certain areas against the attack of the armored divisions. Maneuvers are in progress from Virginia and Tennessee to Louisiana, Texas, and California. For the next few months large-scale military exercises will be covered in the press. What's it all about? Why has the Army waited so long to try out the National Guard, Selective Service, and volunteer soldiers who have been streaming into the Army since last September?

The American Army has been going through as rapid and hectic a period of sprouts as this nation has ever known. Little has been said previously about the training of the vast conglomeration of men, weapons, and machines now brought together in maneuvers. Silently and swiftly the Army has been working toward its objective of turning out "trained, disciplined manpower, believing it to be the fundamental requirement of an Army." That strong foundation of trained manpower is necessary in order to use intelligently the mechanical might of tanks, planes, and guns which American industry is supplying.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, recently said:

"A few days ago I listened to an officer just returned from abroad

describing as an eyewitness the advance in actual operation of a German column. He told of meeting first the advance guard of motorcyclists, then the tank elements of an armored division, followed closely by motorized divisions, then foot infantry and horsed artillery divisions, all escorted and supported by planes. The picture was that of a co-ordinated, balanced team where the players understood their jobs and worked without confusion or lost motion. This vital element of teamwork — of co-ordination — can only be developed by maneuvers in the field, the high school phase of military training, into which we are now entering."

When first ordered into the field for exercises, the average soldier feels lost. There are so many diverse groups, none of which seem to have jobs like his own. The tanks rumble by, kicking up clouds of dust. Before it settles, trucks speed past with infantry troops armed with rifles, machine guns, and mortars. Signal Corps' telephone linemen and radio operators are busy at their work. Command cars whiz by. The Quartermaster is bringing up food and gasoline; the Engineer Corps with its water purification apparatus is in the same column. Other engineer units lumber by with bridging materials, pontoon boats, and barbed wire. The artillery trucks pulling their 105-mm. howitzers pass in speedy procession. Motorcycles add to the confusion until one lone soldier, member of an infantry division, stands like the country boy in

New York City wondering where all the units came from, where they are going.

To the bystander the maneuver is confusion personified, but out of the anthill comes a certain orderliness. When the artillery column has cleared a road crossing, motorized infantry appear quickly from the right angle. The supply units, like freight trains, pull over to the side for the passing of the express—in this case the tanks or the scout car platoons of the armored division.

An important element of order is the lack of curiosity of each soldier for other units of the Army, after the first day or two of the maneuver. He has orders, for instance, as a machine-gun crew member, to get forward to a point just below the next crest to aid the advance. Every nerve, every effort is bent upon dragging those 88 pounds of tripod and gun to the place designated by the commanding officer. The latter is the directing force for the soldiers whose shoulders and heads are bent to their task. After a few weeks of field training the soldier, while moving his machine gun to the designated position, will often find time to study the terrain or ground in front for future gun positions. Also he learns to anticipate the hostile force's movements. When the soldier can obey orders intelligently, perform his duties capably, and yet have room for initiative, then the Army has reached the point of graduation from the high school phase of training, or maneuvering in the field.



*First Army maneuvers. Tanks leading attack accompanied by infantrymen*

When field exercises are completed, soldiers look back with satisfaction at their work, and with pride born of competition relate instances where the initiative of a small group of machine gunners, riflemen, or artillerymen, saved the day, or where they took advantage of opportunities to defeat a small opposing force. The fields of conflict are so vast that no soldier or subordinate officer can appreciate the magnitude of the entire action. Fifty to five hundred thousand men operating over an area from a hundredth to a third the size of our average southern state create a vast panorama in which the individual sees only a minute sector. The soldier takes home from the maneuver the feeling that he was one of a team, that engagements are won and lost on the initiative of small, well-trained groups carrying out well-conceived army orders. In a camera sense, the tide of battle is turned by one or two units, but the other soldiers feel quite correctly that they helped make the breaks for that turning of the tide of battle. The last step then in training a modern army is the maneuvering of all elements, as General Marshall declared, in a "co-ordinated, balanced team."

Eight months have elapsed since the troops of the new American Army were inducted into service. During that period the trainees have been preparing for the maneuvers with the other arms and services and with all types of weapons involved. What have been the steps

which have given this 1941 Army its competitive skill, its military awareness, and its individual and collective capacity? What preceded the "high school phase of military training?"

When trainees enter the Army, they are not soldiers in the trained sense. They are brothers, sons, husbands; they are mechanics, salesmen, professors, laborers. They have been selected or have volunteered to work for a huge corporation—the United States Army. This new boss expects 24-hour service each day and controls to a certain extent not only the working hours of the trainee's day but also his social and recreational life in off-duty hours.

At the Reception Center, as the first stop is known, the candidate seems to move upon an endless chain where technicians ask questions, feed and clothe him, and within a few days send him off in company with others to become a soldier. At the Reception Center all candidates are catalogued for abilities, given physical examinations and intelligence tests. In the latter tests, the Army seeks to discover the individual ability to absorb training. Each man's intelligence is found superior, average, or unfit. The examinations are conducted so that the trainee with little education but possessed of considerable native talent can possibly receive the highest placement. Even the illiterate and the men who cannot understand English are tested, as there is a soldier's place for nearly all. A person unable to understand orders, or to comprehend them, must of course be declared unfit for service.

After the intelligence tests, trainees are questioned as to their previous jobs or positions, their hobbies, their schooling, and their military training. Any or all of these factors determine the placement of each man in the Army. For instance, an insurance salesman with the hobby of short-wave broadcasting is possibly best fitted as a noncommissioned officer—corporal or sergeant—in a radio or signal corps unit, when he has learned the ropes. The objective is to make the Army an efficient defense force.

Some men take to soldiering eas-



*Recruits at the Replacement Training Center become proficient in the infantry drill*

ily and naturally. The Western pioneers were soldiers without uniform; they understood the stern discipline of life in the open among hostile tribes. Today, with automobiles, broad highways, and city living, soldiers are not born. The fact of their previous life does not ease the problem of making these men soldiers. Their training must be more detailed; they must be physically conditioned; they must be put into the niche where they will be of the most help to the specialized army of today.

The industrialization of this nation has made the present-day army a conglomerate of all those jobs that are found in civilian life, with the exception of salesmanship. The list of occupations runs from machine gunners, through bridge builders, to clerks and cooks. In order to keep one combat soldier in the fighting lines, there must be five other soldiers behind the lines to keep him in fighting trim. As a result, the modern army is a mixed group of trained men, with the number of specialists running from 20 per cent in the Infantry to over 50 per cent in the Signal, Air Corps, Armored Force, Ordnance and Engineer Corps.

Training an army today is a complex business. Gunners operating semi-automatic rifles, machine guns, mortars, and artillery must first learn the working of their weapon, then its use tactically, and finally the operation of that gun under the most trying conditions. Tank crews must learn the operation of their land destroyer on level ground with their tank opened up; later they must close it up like the oyster it is and operate through forest, ditch, and stream.

These jobs require vast amounts of training. If it is bridge building, mapping, photography, and the like, there are trainees who have had similar civilian experience. They require only sufficient army training to indicate where and how they may use their civilian skill. Cooks and bakers are much the same the country over, and once they have applied their skill to the special problem of handling army rations, they are full-fledged members of Uncle Sam's Army. Naturally, they must know how to handle a rifle for their own safety. As for tactics, they need little knowledge, and the Army is more

efficient if they make use of their prior training.

Having passed through the great channelization process, the selectees and volunteers emerge as recruits for the fighting arms—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Air Corps, Engineer Corps, Armored Corps, and Signal Corps; or in the services—Quartermaster Supply Units, the Ordnance, or Medical Departments.

Before emerging as manpower for the various arms and services, though, the selectee and volunteer have to learn the duties of their assigned branches. For instance, the Infantry requires the largest percentage of troops, so men with mechanical, clerical, and other abilities are sent to the Infantry in the proportions needed. Also, a large number of those trainees with no special qualifications, but with a desire for real field service, are assigned to the Infantry rifle, machine-gun, and mortar companies.

Every soldier has 13 weeks of basic training as his introduction to the Army. This is the period of individual training, and is similar to that undergone by the football player. The latter must learn the rules of the game, know the discipline under which he is to train, learn his job thoroughly, whether running guard or plunging fullback. He must know the fundamentals of blocking, tackling, and ball handling. And the Army is little different.

The newly arrived soldier must know the rules of his game. Personal sanitation is important, as upon his individual regard for health is based the health of all those about him; there are rules of courtesy, common to the football field where the leader, the coach, is addressed with a certain amount of respect due his position; the regulations must be learned. There is a preliminary period of physical hardening, for all soldiers



Recruits receive instruction in nomenclature and appearance of the semi-automatic

At the Replacement Training Center, which may be at the same post as the Reception Center, the first step in the making of a soldier is taken. This first stage of training is the acclimating of the trainee to his environment, and his training in the use and care of weapons. His next step is basic tactical training with small units of his own branch, with only occasional views of other parts of the combat team. Lastly, the soldier is trained in working as a member of the giant team of all branches co-ordinating on field exercises or maneuvers.

must be in good physical shape. After the soldier is clothed, placed in a tent or cantonment building with others, he must learn to live in harmony with others not only while engaged in his military duties, but also in his social and recreational pursuits.

While this hardening and acclimating process is going on, the recruit learns the basic individual duties of a soldier—the ordinary drill and the handling or servicing of weapons. Good news to many is the telescoped drill instruction with only 20 of the 572 hours in the 13



weeks' training period thus spent. The simplification of drill with none of the familiar "squads right" has shortened the instruction requirements. Also the modern Army moves in motors, tanks, or planes, where there is less need of foot drill. Some drill is necessary, according to the belief of military men everywhere, to give men the groundwork of military life, in order to accustom them to move easily in groups from their company drill ground to the mess-hall, or to the trucks or trains. Also there is in group drill the first lessons of discipline so necessary on maneuvers later.

After the first few weeks of individual training at the Replacement Training Center, the recruit begins to gain familiarity with his job. If a rifleman, he is instructed with the Garand, semi-automatic rifle. He learns to shoulder it, to take it apart, to clean it, and to know what to do in case it refuses to function. The soldier determines its capabilities and limitations in his hands. Soon he has the feel of shooting it, tests his marksmanship on a rifle range, after preparation in "dry shooting." This is the practice in taking firing positions, loading with dummy ammunition, aiming, and squeezing the trigger. The artilleryman learns the functioning of the 105-mm. howitzer, its loading, and the duties of the gun crew.

During this early period of individual training, the specialists—cooks, clerks, machinists, telephone linemen, teamsters, truck drivers, mechanics—are freed from the soldiers' training and placed in specialist schools to acquaint them with army methods.

After the first few months in the Army, the soldier leaves his individual training for combat or service training with the organized units of the Army. Upon entrance to the second stage of training he is still a private. In the new organization there is a continuance of the training with weapons, in sanitation, in military courtesy, in military regulations, and in the knowledge of terrain and concealment, but those subjects are subordinated as a part of basic tactical training of units smaller in size than a regiment.

As a soldier of an organized tactical group rather than as a member of the Replacement Training Cen-

ter, the trainee finds himself a member of a small team. His training is in the tactics of the company, or battalion. This basic team training is the junior high school work leading up to the high school, or maneuvering stage of training among divisions, corps, and armies. The soldier now learns that his handling of the rifle is more than an individual matter. The rifle range work taught him only the technique of shooting under the best conditions. Now he is thrown into combat firing under all conditions.

**H**is squad, for example, is given a problem involving all he had learned of scouting and patrolling—the use of cover in moving toward an enemy. The corporal given a problem has to move his men out of woods and against a line of trenches two hundred yards away, across an open field with grass and hummocks. He sends his men forward by bounds, two men at a time jumping up and running in a zigzag formation from cover to cover. The others use their fire against hostile targets to aid their comrades' advance. Unless there is sufficient firing from the squad—that is, fire superiority—no one can move forward. Similarly, machine-gun and mortar squads acquire the attack methods of infantry.

Tactical training continues. Small problems on the attack and defense are built up, first with the squad, then platoon, company, and later battalion and regiment. In a problem on attack, a motorized infantry battalion is to make a quick flanking movement for its regiment which was held up by hostile forces to the front. The problem is given to all officers and men. The remainder of the forces involved are merely map forces. The soldiers of each company are given the mission and know what is expected of them. They board trucks and proceed speedily forward. Then, having slowed down in the danger area, the trucks move forward in small groups by leaps and bounds from the crest of one hill to the next, but only after their flank, advance, and rear guards are assured that it is safe. Safety in many cases has to give way to necessity. The maneuver continues with the troops ordered to detruck, leave the vehicles, and manhandle their ma-

chine guns, mortars, and other equipment to the firing line designated by the commander.

Tactical problems like this, using blank ammunition and the other noise-making devices, gave some realism to this phase of training during the past few months. The enlisted men and officers gained an insight into what was expected of them. They found out how difficult it was to cover great distances while dragging a machine gun, how difficult it was to keep the guns firing, and yet to conserve ammunition for later targets.

Throughout the entire Army this training has been in vogue. By careful inspection, the War Department assured itself that divisions had qualified according to their standards in both the first and second stages of training. At last, with the coming of summer 1941, the Army is ready to maneuver—to test out its training of the past eight months. At last the soldier in ranks has the opportunity to work against other troops in two-sided maneuvers, to feel the weight of armored divisions, and to know the co-ordination that is inherent in well-trained corps and armies.

The maneuvers will be an interesting subject for all of America as well as for the soldiers in the field. The civilian will see what the toughening process has done for his fellow-Americans. He will see the American spirit under canvas or under the stars, and from the soldiers' attention to duty, and from their co-ordination he will feel that the nation also is welded into one co-ordinate whole.

For the men in ranks, the maneuvers are like the day of the big game to the football player. All that went before in the way of training was worthwhile only if he acquits himself as he knows he is capable. The appreciation of the people in the stands for what he is doing and for what he has accomplished is also important.

From his Army life, the soldier, well-trained and well-qualified, will know the feeling of being physically fit, or doing a good job capably, and of realizing that he is not only indulging in the American spirit of equality of opportunity, but that he is also shouldering his share of the obligation of American citizenship.



Mary Howard, as a young English ranch girl, offers tea to Robert Taylor in MGM's "Billy the Kid"

THE continued influx of European directors, writers, and players arouses speculation as to the extent of their influence on our national culture and thought in the months and years ahead. In some quarters they have been greeted enthusiastically as the advance guard of, as one theatrical producer termed it, "the happy invasion of America." Others, less impressed with the past records of these emigres, are beginning to wonder if the results of this transfusion of two cultures will be entirely satisfactory.

Before we do any premature rejoicing, it might be well to review the careers left behind by these unhappy visitors to our shores. The European stage and screen have been morally decadent for many years. The continental drama has been permeated with the atheistic

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

philosophy, immorality, and political "liberalism" which springs from the Kremlin rather than an enlightened mind. This mental dry rot has characterized a majority of the plays and scenarios produced abroad in the past two decades. It was the first step in preparing the continent for the rise of a Hitler. Few nations can be defeated on the field of battle until they have first been crushed spiritually. Actually, Europe was prepared for conquest long before the little Corporal finished *Mein Kampf*. When the Panzer divisions began to roll, they found an express highway paved by the works of many of the playwrights who are now offering their talents to the American theater.

After their unfortunate personal experiences, it is reasonable to assume that hatred and bitterness burn deep within them. Their concepts of morality and government can hardly have changed in the light of their loss of individual glory and wealth. It is no less natural to expect that these emotions and philosophies of life will find outlet in the plays and writings they are now preparing for presentation. Those interested in the welfare and progress of the American drama therefore find themselves faced with a new problem, one which may conceivably develop beyond the dilemma stage.

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THE RELUCTANT DRAGON—(RKO)—Unlike *Fantasia*, the principal appeal in this latest Disney



James Cagney, Edward Brophy, and George Tobias in Warner Bros.' hilarious comedy, "The Bride Came C.O.D."



James Cagney with Bette Davis, with whom he co-stars in "The Bride Came C.O.D."



May Robson cordially greets Priscilla Lane as Ronald Reagan looks on in the Warner Bros. picture "Million Dollar Baby"



Ronald Reagan, Priscilla Lane, and Jeffrey Lynn in another scene from "Million Dollar Baby"

production is for the younger members of the audience. Novelty of presentation has always been one of the attractions of these popular animated cartoons. This time, several players share the screen with the pen-and-ink creations, when Robert Benchley visits the Disney studio to sell them the idea of making *The Reluctant Dragon*. There are many interesting technical scenes, as well as the expected quota of laughs. Adult admirers of Benchley's screen personality will relish the production, but it is the children who will be fascinated by it. Disney's contributions to the screen continue to meet the high standard he has set for himself.

**MAN HUNT**—(20th Century-Fox)—The tentacles of the Gestapo still fascinate the movie makers. This time they reach out across the Channel into the foggy streets and dank subways of London. A brash Briton, who almost succeeded in taking the life of Der Fuehrer, is the object of their search. It is the most interesting of the anti-Nazi films probably because it is so utterly implausible that even the propaganda cannot be taken seriously. Walter Pidgeon and George Sanders are the chaser and chaser respectively. Both are among the screen's most capable players. Joan Bennett, who has never been a player of exceptional ability, is even less effective than usual as a Cockney waif. Melodramatic in the truest sense of the word, it is designed for audience members who revel in the suspense of a dime-novel plot.

**KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—(Paramount)—Clare Boothe's biting satire on what she terms the Fascist groups in America has been transformed into an innocuous and unimportant screen play. The political implications of the play have been omitted and a burlesque of the Hollywood search for Scarlett O'Hara substituted. The result is run-of-the-mill fare, made even less palatable by a particularly objectionable song sequence. Don Ameche is, as always, sincere and capable, and Mary Martin strives unsuccessfully to give credence to a difficult and ridiculous role. Someone at the preview performance laughed at Oscar Levant, but we have not been able to discover whether it was a critic or a relative. Not recommended.

**TIGHT SHOES**—(Universal)—A brightly developed comedy based on a Damon Runyon story of big city politicians. It has a familiar ring, but the efforts of an excellent cast and smooth continuity and direction mark it above average. Brod Crawford, John Howard, Binnie Barnes, and Leo Carrillo are the leading players. In Runyonesque manner, the story of how two pairs of tight shoes change the political control of a city, unfolds with an abundance of clean comedy and enjoyable action.

**THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D.**—(Warner Bros.)—Whoever had the happy thought of co-starring Bette Davis and James Cagney is responsible for one of the best comedies of the year. These players have not been very successful in their recent material selection and both will benefit from their appearance in this boisterous farce. The scenes shot in Death Valley are not only hilariously effective, but pictorially interesting as well. Stuart Erwin and Eugene Pallette aid the stars in making this enjoyable entertainment for adult groups. The plot is lightweight, but the able direction, and the versatility of Miss Davis and Cagney combine to lift the production above its story limitations.

**BILLY THE KID**—(MGM)—At first gunshot Robert Taylor may not seem to be the most logical choice for the title role in this epic of the West. But as the picture unreels, either his performance becomes more assured, or the audience more inured. Whatever the reason, the film itself holds considerable appeal for lovers of action drama. It is fast-moving, spectacular, and employs the technicolor camera effectively. Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Ian Hunter, Mary Howard and Lon Chaney, Jr. are the principals, all contributing sincere, straightforward characterizations. Children will enjoy it as well as those adults who relish stories of the action-full days of the Old West.

**ADVENTURES IN WASHINGTON**—(Columbia)—Originally titled, *Senate Page Boys*, this story of Washington life as seen by a Senate page is engrossing and suitable for all audiences. Less impressive than *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, it contains much of the sustained dramatic pitch that made the former film



so successful. Gene Reynolds, who scored heavily in *Boys Town*, is the outstanding member of a cast that also includes Virginia Bruce and Herbert Marshall. Can be recommended highly for children as well as adults.

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**MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—(Warner Bros.)—Amusing, but somewhat strained, is this frothy comedy starring Priscilla Lane and May Robson. It sets out to prove that money and trouble are traveling companions, and if we accept seriously the multitudinous woes which befall the heroine we must grant the premise. The players are all capable and attractive, including in addition to the stars, Jeffrey Lynn and Ronald Reagan. Adult audiences will enjoy it, though we doubt they will thereafter resolve to dispose of the first million that comes their way.

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**MOON OVER MIAMI**—(20th Century-Fox)—Lavish, puerile, and exceedingly dull just about sums up the appraisal of films of this type. It concerns a girl who sets out to be a gold-digger only to discover that Don Ameche is more personable than a bank account. Ameche, Jack Haley, and Charlotte Greenwood are the only members of the cast who salvage any personal glory from the wreckage. This sort of story is usually set against a South American background and it is not difficult to understand why our neighbors to the south look upon Hollywood with a jaundiced eye.

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The Broadway season just ended was not a successful one, judged by even the most elastic standards of artistic or financial achievement. In quantity, the number of plays to arrive on the testing field from September to June was less than in any recent season, and in quality they were of decidedly inferior texture.

Many of our contemporary playwrights are swimming in a sea of philosophic uncertainty. They see the utter futility of the standards by which they lived yesterday, but have not fully awakened to the need for spiritual rebirth which must come after the present world upheaval. The result is that many of them are not contributing any new plays to the theater, leaving the second-raters and the sensationalists in full possession of the scene.

Most important of the technical achievements of the year were the directorial efforts of Orson Welles and Moss Hart. Though the plays with which they worked were neither morally nor philosophically sound, the directors managed to make them technically perfect. Philip Barry brought a beautifully conceived allegory to the fore in *Liberty Jones*, but it lacked the touch of realism so necessary to every fantasy. Paul Vincent Carroll started on the road back with a three-performance run of *The Old Foolishness*, which was just that and nothing more. Emlyn Williams, the Welsh actor and author, was responsible for *The Corn is Green*, a simple, direct play of powerful undertones. Rose Franken and Joseph Kesselring made favorable impressions with their first plays, *Claudia* and *Arsenic and Old Lace*. But apart from those contributions the season was a doleful affair as far as new plays were concerned.

In the field of acting the picture is brighter, with many of the greatest names of the theater on the list

of the year's best performances. They include Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Barry Fitzgerald, Gertrude Lawrence, and Grace George. It is their performances rather than the efforts of the playwrights that kept this from being one of the duller seasons on record.

Always important in an analysis of a theatrical year, is the number of new players to come to the fore as likely star material. This year the newcomers were many in number and exceptionally promising in ability. Though they are not yet widely known, their names will shortly be shining from marquees. This group includes Dorothy McGuire, Gene Kelly, Richard Waring, Horace MacNally, Helen Craig, Jose Ferrer, Betsy Blair, Nancy Coleman, and Florence MacMichael.

Eliminating the musical comedies and revues, the moral situation seems slightly improved. Though still far from satisfactory, the number of plays rated entirely objectionable was comparatively fewer than in recent seasons. A majority of those plays classified as partly objectionable would have been made acceptable with the elimination of one or two scenes or lines of dialogue. Considering that the theater caters almost solely to adult audiences, the moral situation of the drama is certainly more hopeful than the present distressing condition of the screen.

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According to present plans about 15 plays will remain on view during the summer months. Of these, about 6 may be recommended to New York's summer visitors as first choice entertainment.

*Life with Father* is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable and satisfying comedies to be produced in many years.

*Arsenic and Old Lace* compares favorably with the above, though in a different vein. For a continuous laugh session, either one will prove acceptable.

*It Happens on Ice* is a scintillating and spectacular ice revue. Expertly performed and beautifully staged, it should be an excellent antidote for a New York heat wave.

*The Corn is Green* offers Ethel Barrymore in her best performance of recent memory. Depth of emotion and powerful writing make it a deeply impressive drama.

*Hellzapoppin* is the madcap revue designed for those who prefer slapstick to subtlety.

*The Beautiful People* is the Saroyan contribution of the year. Not for the general run of audiences, but those interested in theatrical technique rather than entertainment will enjoy its experimental nature.

*My Sister Eileen*, a comedy built around the adventures of two sisters who come to New York to find employment; *Claudia*, a bright, amusing comedy with a young married couple as the principal characters; *Watch on the Rhine*, the prize-winning play that is often off-key in its philosophic implications, and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, a brilliant satire, marred by oblique dialogue, can be listed as the second choices. They cannot be classified as completely acceptable because of one or two lapses, but they are not completely objectionable for adults.

*Native Son*, *Pal Joey*, *Panama Hattie* and *Separate Rooms* are not compatible with any standards of good taste or decency and cannot be considered suitable entertainment for any audience.

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JOE had been walking since day-break and now, at noon, he was tired. Very tired. Hours ago he had stopped at a wayside stand and bought black coffee and doughnuts, but he had left the highway, purposely, and there had been no more villages, no more stands. He was hungry.

He went methodically along, the dust settling on his bare head and clothing, lining his perspiring face with gray. Twice he stopped, for the road was steep, but when he reached the top of the hill he smiled, for at the near end of the valley he saw a large farm.

He drew a long breath as he studied the acres of cultivated land. Perhaps they'd need a man to help with the harvest; at least he could buy a meal. He started to walk with great vigor, but he had not gone more than a quarter of the mile that lay between the top of the hill and the

It was just after he had dropped the second time that the voice came to him from the other side of the hedge. "And what would be the matter with you, fellow?" the voice inquired. "Are you all in?"

Joe lifted his head and looked toward the man who had called to him. To his amazement it was a priest who had spoken. Joe wondered if he

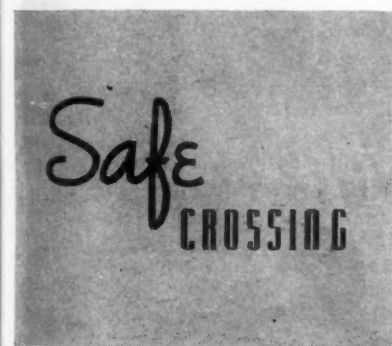
blue, his hair black and curly, with threads of gray showing at the temples. Joe thought the priest was good-looking enough to be a movie actor.

"Faith, and I was standing by a window and took note of you coming down the road," the priest explained, "then I saw you sit down—and now an hour later I find you still here. Why didn't you come in if you were hungry?"

Joe thought for a moment. "I was going to—but—I don't know—I was sort of afraid, I guess."

The priest nodded, taking quick inventory of Joe's clothing. "Sure, man, there's nothing to be afraid of," he said reassuringly, "will you come with me now?" He held out one hand, partly a gesture of friendship, partly offering to help Joe to rise.

Joe got quickly to his feet. "I'm not that bad," he said; "and I can pay for my food."



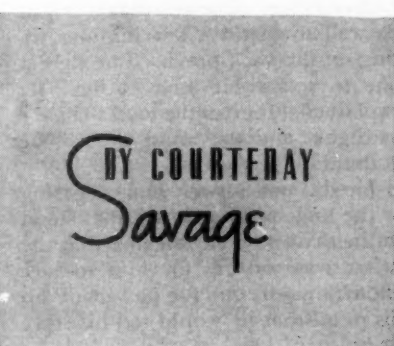
farm gate before fatigue slowed his footsteps—fatigue and hunger—and something he dreaded more than the others. Fear. That was why he began to walk slowly, he told himself, because he was afraid to ask for a job.

Clenching his fists, forcing his feet to carry him closer to the white gates, he kept on, but just before he reached the entrance to the farm he stopped. He looked at the road along which he had come, then ahead of him, and suddenly, almost as if he were a paper doll crumpled in a child's hand, his legs seemed to fold and he sat down on the dry grass at the edge of the road.

It was no use, he couldn't go in and ask for work. He sat there thinking, thinking, the hot sun of Indian Summer beating down on his bowed shoulders. An hour passed, twice he started to leave, but each time he rose the thought of the road ahead filled him with dread, and he sank back.

ought to rise, but he sat there and said, "Yes, Father, I guess I am."

The branches of the hedge crackled as they bent, and the priest came through, brushing bits of brown leaves from an already dusty suit. He was not a young man, forty at least, but he was tall, slender, and suggested youth. His eyes were deep



"Can you now? That's fine."

Still Joe lingered. He looked across the hedge to the large white house, past it toward the partly concealed barns, then beyond to the fields. For the first time he noticed that the scroll work above the porch steps formed a cross. "Is this some kind of an institution?" he asked.

"It is, and it's called St. Christopher's Farm. I'm in charge."

Joe made no comment, he was still studying the fields.

"You've heard of St. Christopher, haven't you?" the priest inquired. "He was a giant of a man who lived at the edge of a river and carried travelers across to the glory of God. In a way we do the same, for we help men who've been caught in the currents of life to keep from going down under the weight of their troubles."

Joe nodded that he understood.

"And the fellows who come here," the Father went on, "help us raise

Illustrated by PAUL GROUT

fruit and vegetables, some for the market, the rest for the schools and hospitals in the city."

Joe acknowledged the explanation with another nod. "You're Irish, aren't you?" he asked.

"I'd be the last to deny the fact," the priest laughed. "I'm Irish as all get out. My name is Flynn—Father Jerome Patrick Flynn."

"Mine's Joe Nelson, and I think I ought to tell you, Father, before you give me any more of your time, that I'm no fish-eater."

The priest's blue eyes grew serious. "I never heard that Our Lord asked any man his faith before He gave him help," he said quietly. "Lunch is over, but if you'll come to the kitchen we'll hunt through the larder."

The hunt through the larder was productive of the best meal Joe had eaten in years, nearly three years to be exact, and when it was over Father Flynn suggested that it might be well to spend a few minutes sitting on the back porch. "I'm a great one to rest a bit after eating," he explained. "It gives the food a chance to digest, and the mind time to be grateful."

Joe did not answer, but sat gazing at the huge produce truck that stood in the driveway. He felt sure that the priest was waiting for him to talk about himself, but Joe had made up his mind that he would tell his story to no man.

Presently the priest rose. "Would you care to walk through the barns?" he asked.

"I wouldn't mind," Joe told him, and they crossed the lawn. Joe wasn't interested in the tractors, the stable where the cows and horses were sheltered, or the storage plant; but when they entered the long low building where fruit and vegetables were sorted and packed for market his eyes became alert. He picked up carrots and looked at them, examined the apples, inspected each variety of produce. He looked at the packing boxes, too. Outside, the warm afternoon sun pouring down on them, a dozen men were getting the produce ready to ship. Joe stood silent as the men laughed with the priest.

Suddenly, with a half angry move, he took a bunch of beets from the

hand of a man who had been about to tie them, and held them before Father Flynn. "That's a heck of a way to send vegetables to market," he announced.

"And what's wrong with it?" Father Flynn protested. "The beets are as tender as the heart of a young girl."

"They may be as tender, Father, but are they as good looking? They need scrubbing; and you can't chuck apples in a box and expect them to bring top price."

"We've been doing all right for the past few years," Father Flynn smiled.

"Yeah," Joe grunted, "but is all right good enough?" He picked up half a dozen bunches of the beets and carried them toward the pump. He washed them, laid them in a row to dry, then sorted them as to size. "It'll take a few minutes longer to get your stuff ready my way," he explained, "but you've got enough help." Then with a smile toward the men who had been watching him, "Come on, fellows—you're raising as good truck as any farm around; let's send it to the city looking so darn good that people will begin to ask for our brand."

"Okay," one of the men agreed, and they started to work cleaning, sorting, bunching the vegetables. Twice an assistant came to talk with Father Flynn, but each time he said

he was too busy to leave his work. When the long afternoon was drawing toward the supper hour Father Flynn disappeared around the corner of the building, but in a couple of minutes he was back, driving the truck to a point where the men could conveniently load it.

They started to throw the produce into the truck, but Joe halted them with an angry command. He climbed in, measured the body of the truck with his eye, and ordered them to hand him the crates.

Father Flynn threw the first crate over the side with an ease that made Joe look at him. "You didn't think I could do it, did you?" the priest smiled.



*Joe lifted his head and looked toward the man who had called to him*



Joe shook his head. "You don't look so darn muscular," he admitted.

"That's a mistake more than one fellow has made," Father Flynn laughed, and Joe realized that this good-looking priest could take care of himself in a scrap.

Swiftly, under Joe's guidance, they arranged the produce in an orderly manner, and they were lashing the canvas cover into place when a bell sounded.

"In fifteen minutes the Angelus will ring, and after that we'll have supper. Then maybe you'd like to ride back to the city with the truck?"

Joe looked at him quickly, the old fear that the afternoon's work had temporarily banished flashing back into his eye. "Thanks a lot," he said quickly, "but I guess I'll be going along now." He looked toward the road, and the hills at the far end of the valley.

"You'll not be going without your supper," Father Flynn protested.

"I'll pick up something on the way."

"Nonsense, you'll eat with the rest of us, and if you've no mind to ride to town maybe you'll let me ask you a few questions about the stuff we sell. Maybe we don't get the right price for it."

Joe hesitated. Once again he looked toward the hills and a great fatigue came over him. Then he thought of the fruit and vegetables he had cleaned and packed, and his pulse quickened. "Joyce and McCarthy wouldn't cheat anyone," he said slowly, "but—well, I'll be glad to talk with you, Father—if you really want me to."

"I do. I can see you're a man whose experience would be valuable to any farmer. Come on—let's wash."

Slowly, gratefully, Joe followed him toward the house. On the threshold he hesitated; then, with a feeling of security, he went in and closed the door behind him.

IT WAS autumn when Joe arrived at St. Christopher's, and it was April the day that Father Flynn called him into the office.

They had been quiet months, for once the harvest was finished St. Christopher's, like its fertile fields, settled down to a period of waiting. There was work to be done, of course, for each day the truck went to the city with a load of vegetables taken from the storage plant. Too, it

was in winter, when the snow was drifting across the fence lines, that the men repaired the farm machinery against the coming of spring.

Joe had been happy, almost as happy as in the days when he had known no fear. He had dogged Father Flynn's footsteps, always eager to be of assistance, sometimes offering carefully-thought-out suggestions as to the better running of the farm, or the selling of produce. St. Christopher's, so he had learned, was a place where men were rehabilitated, where the down-and-outers of the great city were built up physically so that they could go back to the jobs that were found for them. Most of the men knew little about farm life, but they all seemed willing to work, grateful, as Joe was grateful—though, for a different reason—for the shelter of this place.

Yes, Joe told himself, he had been happy, but he knew it was because he had shut from his mind everything beyond the limits of the farm. Never once during the long months had he as much as gone out of the gates to walk the road that led back to the city—or toward the far-off hills. If he had done so, he felt sure, the old terror would have come rushing back to engulf him with misery.

He was thinking of this as he stood waiting for Father Flynn to look up from the letter he was writing. Finally, Father put down his pen and smiled. "I've a favor to ask of you, Joe," he said. "I've got to go away for a few days, maybe a couple of weeks. Take over for me, will you?"

For a moment Joe puzzled over the request. "Take over for you?" he asked. "How do you mean?"

"Take charge of the office here while I'm away. The men are used to taking orders from you—you know all about the running of the farm."

Joe felt his palms grow wet, and he had difficulty in swallowing. A question rushed to his mind, but he was afraid to let it pass his lips.

"The bills must be out by the first of the month, and you might see what you can do about hurrying collections, for we'll need all the money we can get now that it's spring. I'll be leaving you plenty of petty cash—and maybe a few signed checks—for emergencies."

"Listen, Father—" the question could no longer be driven back. "Do you know anything about me?"

"Know anything about you? I do,

and plenty. Haven't I eyes, man?"

"I don't mean about my working round here, but about the real me—the fellow I was the day you asked me in? I've done time, Father. The fellow I was working for wouldn't give me the raise I'd been promised, and I was mad and thought I needed the money—so I—I hi-jacked a truck load of stuff belonging to him and sold it."

"HI-JACKED a load of produce—so that was it. I've often wondered what you'd been in for."

"You often wondered?" Joe challenged him. "You mean you knew? How?"

"By the look of you the first day—the cut of your hair, the cloth of your suit, your shoes. I've seen many a man fresh from the office of a prison warden."

Joe's jaw sagged, and the old fear came back. "Gee—" he said softly, then again. "Gee!"

"And when you were of no mind to leave the farm I knew you were not only afraid—but sorry and ashamed. Faith, it's only the man whose heart is broken with shame that keeps quiet about himself—the rest of us all brag a bit—even of our sorrows or our sins."

Joe thought of what Father Flynn had just said. "You knew that day I'd been a thief—yet you asked me in?"

Father Flynn looked at him intently, his eyes alight with a great kindness. "And why not? Sure, man-alive, have you never read that it was a thief who hung on a cross beside Him they crucified? And that it was to a repentant thief like yourself that Our Lord promised paradise?"

Joe thought about that, too. "But if I'd known you even guessed about me I'd have kept right on walking," he said quietly.

"But why? You paid for your wrong-doing."

"I never would have come in," Joe persisted.

"Well, you did come in, thank God, and you've been a great help to me, and now I'd like you to run things while I'm gone. Look, I've listed the things you ought to know."

Joe went around the end of the desk and picked up the piece of paper that Father handed him, but he only half heard the explanations. And that night he lay with his face to the wall and decided to run away,



partly because he was ashamed, largely because he was afraid to trust himself with the work Father Flynn had asked him to do. But in the morning, when he found the priest ready to leave, he felt that he had to stay, that he was trapped by his obligation to St. Christopher's.

More than two weeks passed; then one storm-tossed afternoon Father Flynn came back. Joe was in the office, and he rose quickly when the priest entered.

"Father, you're the best sight I've seen in years." They shook hands, and Joe moved his work to one side.

"Why not stay where you were and finish what you were doing?" Father suggested gravely. "And after that I'd like to hear how things have been going."

Joe looked at him quickly, puzzled by the strange note he heard in Father's voice. "I'm only making a memo of the day's work," he explained. He opened a drawer and brought out a ledger and an elaborately notated sheet of paper. "I've kept the entries in the regular books, Father, but I've also kept a sheet which will show you every transaction since you've been gone." Then carefully, with definite pride, he went over each item. When he had finished he waited for Father Flynn to speak.

"You're sure you've got all the deposits straight?" Father asked, the strange note still in his words. "There's nothing else—no cash received that isn't accounted for—nothing lying around that needs to be explained?"

"Why no. You'll find vouchers for everything I paid out—and accounts will balance—I got receipts for everything—even a two cent stamp."

Father Flynn looked at the statement again, fingered the vouchers.

"And the signed checks I left for an emergency—what about them?"

Joe thought for a moment. "What about them?" he asked. "You told me to use my judgment, Father, and I only gave checks when I thought—"

Father Flynn was looking at him in such an unusual manner that Joe's words trailed to a whisper—and died.

"You're sure of that?" Father persisted suspiciously. "Of course if you don't feel you have anything else to tell me—"

Father Flynn looked away, and Joe felt the perspiration form on his forehead as he realized that Father was questioning him as if he knew something was wrong, as if he had proof that Joe had misused the funds left with him. A sickening fear crept flame-like over him and he felt ill. He tried to think, to go back over the days and remember any mistake he might have made—any money he might not have accounted for. He hadn't misused the funds, he told himself. He hadn't—he hadn't! The words became a rhythm that fell hammer-like against his brain, keeping time with his agonized pulse beats.

Then, more swiftly than it had come, fear was gone from him, and it was anger that steeled his jaw, tempered his words. What right had Father Flynn or anyone else to suggest he had taken money? "I've given you an accounting of your money, and if you or anyone else says I've touched a penny of it—I!" He clenched his fists, and there was fighting blood in his eyes.

Father Flynn rose and placed one hand on Joe's shoulder. "There was never a moment when it occurred to you that you might use what wasn't yours, was there, Joe?"

"Never," Joe snapped.

"I asked you to take care of things,

so you did, and a fine job you made of it, too."

Joe looked at him, a puzzled expression mellowing his anger. "Yeah, but Father—you—"

"Oh, man-alive," Father's long fingers bit into Joe's shoulder, "can't you understand what I was doing to you? You stumbled in here a craven man with no faith in yourself, because having made one misstep you feared another—but when the time came—when you could have made off with a big sum or a little—the temptation never as much as crossed your mind."

Joe thought about it, and slowly the truth came to him. "You—you planned this—just to show me I could trust myself?"

"It was cruel to give you that rough moment back there, Joe, but I hoped you'd do just what you did—get mad at me for doubting you. Sure it's a good sign when a man has enough faith in himself to fight. It shows he's overcome his fears."

"Gee, Father, I was mad," Joe grinned. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry, me foot, as the boys say. Didn't I tell you my job was to help fellows caught like yourself in the wrong currents of life to make a safe crossing?"

"You did, Father, and I don't know how I'll ever pay you back."

"I do. The truck'll be going to the city at eight so you ride along with it as far as Joyce and McCarthy's."

"Joyce and McCarthy's?" Joe echoed the name.

"That's right, because when I was passing the time of day yesterday they told me they were in need of a good man who knew produce—and I promised I'd send them one—and sure, Joe, you'd be the last man who'd have me break a promise."

# What Shall We Do About Radio?

By EVELYN B. COOGAN

I DOUBT if there is any question more frequently discussed by groups of mothers than the radio. One meets it over the teacups, across the bridge table, in the midst of rolling red-cross bandages, and always with parent-teacher groups. Child psychologists, juvenile court officials, and even syndicated columnists have discussed its problems.

Not that anyone fails to appreciate radio as a promising educational factor—it is definitely established in the modern school room. As long as 12 years ago the American School of the Air began its experiments in the field of education. Today the Columbia Broadcasting System estimates that 200,000 teachers throughout the United States are using its printed manuals to present the daily programs of the American School of the Air. The National Broadcasting Company offers a similar service. Added to this, several state educational departments broadcast supplementary material such as art and music to their rural schools, while Cleveland, Chicago, and New York are among the first cities to have their own school broadcasting units. A number of auxiliary educational organizations are also making use of this far-reaching voice of the airways. Last January the National Parent-Teacher Association, with the assistance of the National Broadcasting Company, began a 13-week series of forums, "Citizens All," dealing with youth's problems.

For a decade or more, even the casual listener has had faint glimpses of radio's cultural possibilities. Opera, good drama, symphonies, town-hall meetings, international news broadcasts, and reputable commentators have all helped gradually to produce a balanced radio diet. For a longer period of time, juvenile classroom audiences have thoroughly enjoyed Walter Damrosch with his yearly series of musical appreciation broadcasts. And no one on the air has done more to delight the heart of a child than Nila Mack with her "Let's Pretend" hour. Every Satur-

day morning for the past 10 years, a cast of children has presented a fairy tale adapted and directed by Miss Mack. "The Bright Idea Club" and "Calling All Stamp Collectors" are two other Saturday favorites. The Singing Lady and one or two other story tellers have also endeared themselves to small people throughout our land. But the large juvenile audience that mails in the box-tops and receives trinkets in return often listens to over-stimulating serials in which daring young heroes continually elude desperate villains.

This was one of the problems recently discussed at the Parent-Teacher Forum that followed the annual School Broadcast Conference. It was



Nila Mack, director of Columbia's "Let's Pretend" hour, surrounded by a clamorous group of "Let's Pretenders"

agreed that children's taste in radio programs must be cultivated very much as their appetite for good books is stimulated. And since a recent investigation indicated that the average juvenile radio enthusiast listens to his radio 2½ hours a day, it is highly important that he be introduced to worthwhile programs.

Fortunately, the Educational Directors of both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company have developed an ethical code to govern all broadcasts designed for child listeners. All stories must reflect respect for law and adult authority, good morals, and fair play. Adventure stories must bar cruelty and violence and avoid morbid suspense. This censorship should subtract nothing from the enjoyment of red-blooded young Americans, and leave the script writer sufficient leeway to concoct innumerable adventure yarns.

An experiment with the juvenile audience was made last winter by the National Broadcasting Company. They introduced "Bud Barton," the tale of an average 12-year-old, at the same hour with a long established but less desirable juvenile serial. After several months the radio audience was asked whether it wished "Bud Barton" to continue. Seventy-two thousand boys and girls wrote back, "Please do."

This incident proves not only the point that children appreciate the best of programs, but also a fact that we frequently overlook: radio exists in its present state because of our approval. Our letters of praise and our notes of protest are the sponsors' gauge of the program. Even commercial ratings and polls are based entirely upon the public verdict. Fortunately for us, besides the public-service broadcasts sustained by the broadcasting companies themselves, the major portion of the programs are sponsored by commercial advertisers. Their sole purpose in financing the broadcast is to gain the good will of the listener.

Our duty is to be more articulate—to write directly to the sponsors in praise of the programs our families enjoy, and to be just as definite in our protests. In return, our children will share the spiritual and mental treasures of this earth as no generation before them, because the greatest of all mass mediums will truly come of age.



## THE PASSIONISTS

*Due to the fact that I am still badly shaken by my ordeal at the hands of the censors of one of the countries now at war—to whom the name of a place is like waving a red flag before a bull—this article will be sadly lacking in geographical information.*

MY FATHER is a railroad man—an Erie man. Back in Jersey City, our home is about a mile and a half from the railroad yards, and this distance my father daily covers on foot. One particularly stormy evening, with the wind blowing violently, I remember my father came in with his clothes sodden, and dripping water over my mother's polished floor. Instead of his mood being in accord with the weather, he seemed bright and cheerful. In fact, he was positively glowing with the look of achievement. He then proceeded to tell us what we thought was a rather tall story of how he had come home, flying through the air—the wind picking him up at the Erie, whisking him through the air, to deposit him gently on our doorstep.

"Now, now, Jim!" remonstrated my mother who, on principle, is skeptical of all my father's stories.

"I tell you I did!" Dad insisted, sticking to his guns, "never set foot to the ground, till I came down on the doorstep."

# RIDING SKY HIGH

*The First of Two Stirring Tales—a Flight by Night in an Airplane to China's Interior*

By WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.

While my father is really a very wonderful man, I never took seriously this claim of his to be able "to fly through the air with the greatest of ease." However, quite recently I read a little whimsical tale entitled "The Flying Yorkshireman"—the story of a Yorkshire farmer on a visit to America who was so carried away by the beauty of sunny California, that he suddenly found himself flying through the air. Thereafter, like a graceful bird, he went soaring and zooming aloft, occasionally taking his wife with him, and leading the police of America a merry chase in their endeavor to bring him down to earth.

N o w

all this about flying through the air may seem nonsense to you, but to me it is of the greatest importance. If the thing can be done, I would like to know how, for just now I am scheduled to fly over the Japanese lines in an endeavor to reach our Missions in Hunan. It is true that I am going to start off in an airplane, but if the Japanese are on the alert, they are liable to shoot the thing out from under me, and there I'll be high in the sky. You can see it certainly



Triangle Photo

Winging their way over the mountains and the battle lines of China by plane, the Passionist Missionaries have been successful in reaching the isolated district of northwestern Hunan. Even in the far interior of China, roads are being opened. Travel by sedan chair, as pictured here, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Slow, painful and not inexpensive, this method of transportation has yielded to modern ways

## IN CHINA

would be of advantage if I were able to continue the trip under my own power.

I regret now that I did not press my father for an explanation and a few lessons as to how the feat is accomplished. (This Flying Yorkshireman, as I remember now, was equally mum.) For the past week, in the privacy of my own room, I have been experimenting, zooming off from the backs of chairs and the top of the dresser, but either there are not the proper air currents in that room or I just haven't got the knack of it.

At the present time I am writing this from a spot which, to the delight of the censors and the satisfaction of our own flair for mystery, we will designate as X. Fathers Kieran, Caspar, and myself have just arrived from Peking where we were studying the language. Fathers Ernest and Linus, veteran missionaries returning from the States, have been awaiting us here at X. Our destination is the Passionist Missions in Hunan. In order to reach there it is necessary to cross the Japanese lines, as our Missions are situated in Free China. The only possible way to enter is by plane.

It was impossible to secure accommodations for five on the same plane, so we are going in two groups—two in a few days, and the remaining three a week later. Father Linus is going on the first plane and Father Ernest on the second. Fathers Kieran, Caspar, and myself have just drawn lots to see who will accompany Father Linus and I am the lucky one. (Or you might say Father Linus is the unlucky one, depending on how you look at these things.) It is amusing to think that I had to come all the way over here to China to get my first ride in an airplane.

So here I now sit, waiting for the eventful day, shorn of practically all my possessions, for on this plane we can carry no more than thirty-three pounds of baggage. All other baggage—books, the dearest companions of the missionary—must be left behind! However, it is consoling to be reminded of those first missionaries sent out by our Lord Himself, traveling two by two, and whom He told to take nothing with them on the way. We are beginning right.



*Chinese peasants working the soil even on mountain tops*

*Wide World*

### FROM THE INTERIOR OF CHINA

Still under the spell of the censor, and with my airplane ride a thing of the past, I continue this writing at a place which we shall very cleverly designate as Y—seven hundred miles away from our starting point. Father Linus and myself were scheduled to take off at six o'clock last Monday night, and we dutifully reported at the airfield at five o'clock, accompanied by the three other priests who came to see us off. We carried our little baggage of thirty-three pounds and in addition wore as many clothes as we could put on, with the pockets stuffed with odds and ends. We certainly made a queer looking pair—I tall, and Father Linus nearer the ground but very much broader, and both of us padded to capacity.

At the airport we were weighed in and I imagine the official must have been amazed at the weight we had put on since he had last seen us. Our baggage was duly inspected by both customs men and censors. Every scrap of written matter was carefully scrutinized. Address books and letters, several years old, were laboriously pored over. I tell you we felt very conspiratorial! In due time we were passed by these worthy inspectors and our baggage placed on the plane.

The weather at this time was very

foggy and doubts were expressed as to whether we would fly that night. The pilot took the plane up for a trial spin and the airport officials were in continuous telephonic communications with our proposed landing field in regard to weather conditions. It began to look like a long wait till they made up their minds, so I found myself a fairly comfortable chair on the field and took a little nap.

At about seven o'clock I bestirred myself to find that the plane was still there, an hour overdue on the take-off, and no signs yet of its departing. By this time Father Linus and myself were rather hungry as we had not eaten since noon, and it was uncertain when we would do so again. It was then that Father Kieran rose to the occasion. From somewhere he wangled a couple of sandwiches and two bottles of coca-cola, for which he will ever afterwards be kindly remembered. After about another hour word came through that the visibility was zero at our landing field, so the flight was postponed. We were told to get in touch with the airport in the morning. Disappointed, we started for home.

In returning home it was necessary to cross the harbor in a ferry boat. The night was a little chilly, and Father Ernest, who was wearing

only the light jacket of his suit, declared he was cold. Whereupon Father Linus very generously offered his overcoat. I was watching a gentleman near by who witnessed this little gesture of Christian charity. A look of admiration stole over his face and I could read the thought in his mind—"how these Christians love one another!"

But suddenly the look of admiration on his face went all to pieces. In its place came one of amazement nigh unto horror, for after giving his overcoat to Father Ernest, there stood Father Linus revealed in another topcoat. The spectator at this little scene, not knowing we were returning from a proposed airplane trip with the luggage so limited, must have wondered what kind of a crowd he was traveling with.

The next morning, just as I was going down to breakfast after Mass, the telephone rang from the airport. The plane was leaving in forty minutes. It would take us at least an hour to get there, so off we ran without breakfast. I went out the door munching a couple of slices of bread. Father Caspar was the only one of the other priests who was ready in time to accompany us. After a wild ride, we arrived at the airport half an hour late. Sure enough they were holding the plane for us, which made us feel rather important. Hurriedly we were bundled in, and the plane took off immediately. I was just able to throw a quick wave to Father Caspar as we left the ground.

The weather was still foggy, and almost before we realized that we had left the ground, we were in the clouds with everything below blotted out. The plane was a good American ship, accommodating twenty-four passengers, and was in the hands of capable American pilots. I suppose most people when flying have much the same sensations and thoughts. Though the ship was roaring through space, there was no sensation of movement, for there were no stationary objects for comparison. Occasionally a wisp of cloud would fly past and then we would realize we were traveling fast.

High in the clouds, so far above the earth, and nearer to the material heavens, one's thoughts accordingly soar above the earth and things material. Only when actually flying in a plane, can one somewhat appreciate this wonderful power God has entrusted to men. What a pity it is that man uses it principally for destruction and death! I was happy there in the air—happy to be a missionary and actually flying in haste to the work that awaits me.

After flying for about an hour and a half and covering a distance of over two hundred miles, the plane descended below the clouds, preparatory to landing. Then we had a beautiful view of the country below us—the checkered pattern of rice fields, with here and there the silvery thread of a stream. Gracefully circling the field, we landed gently on a grassy plain. The flight was

over. It had been a pleasant ride, with no sight of Japanese patrols and no occasion to discover whether I were possessed of my father's ability. We were now in Free China, on a landing field that can best be described as just a little bit of nowhere.

Now began the second stage of our journey—a five hour ride in a bus, just a crude wooden body built on a truck chassis. All the airplane passengers together with the personnel of the improvised airport were crowded in and we were off. Father Linus and myself were the only foreigners. Four Chinese sat up front with the nominal driver and from where I sat it looked as if they were all driving the bus, having allotted among themselves the various operations required in driving.

One fellow just blew the horn—kept it blaring all the time. Most of the time I believe each one of them thought the other fellow was steering. Like a bunch of college boys out for a lark, they would go careening down a steep hill or skid around a sharp curve, clapping each other on the back and letting out the Chinese equivalent of "Yippee!" Now and then one of them would look back to see how we were taking it. I would usually be occupied tossing other people's vegetables out of my lap where the jostling of the bus had dumped them or trying to get back again on the hard wooden bench from which I had been thrown. Oh, it was a gay ride!

The bus trip over, we just had time to make connections with a train, and after pounding over the rails all night arrived where we now are—at the Mission of the Italian Franciscan Fathers in a city of Hunan. In less than twenty-four hours of continuous traveling, we had covered a distance of seven hundred miles.

The hospitality of the Italian Fathers was touching. They generously brought out the little luxuries they had been saving for a special occasion—a little Chinese wine, Chinese cigarettes, and their cherished coffee. After a week, we are still partaking of the hospitality of the Mission. We are now in Hunan with yet a couple of hundred miles to travel before we reach the Passionist Mission in Yüanling. The other three Fathers are due to arrive tomorrow.



Relief workers searching ruins after an air raid

International photo



# Bomb Showers on Yüanling



*A fleet of Japanese bombers speeds inland to destroy and terrorize*

Acme

*Father Wendelin Moore's eye-witness account of the devastating raids in which our central mission suffered heavily*

**Y**ESTERDAY I read with interest the experiences of an air-raid warden in bomb-ridden London. The instructions given for one's protection during an actual bombing I made special note of, for since coming to Yüanling a month ago, we have had air-raid alarms several times a week, though no actual bombing. "At the first shriek of the bomb, throw yourself flat on the ground, stop your ears with your fingers, and open your mouth. Count slowly to five. By that time the bomb will have exploded." I was glad of that little bit of advice, for also on yesterday the Japanese wantonly and mercilessly bombed Yüanling. This was my first experience under fire and the memory of it is vivid with me.

Yesterday, May seventh, we were just starting our dinner when the air siren sounded. We thought nothing much of that, for there had been many previous alarms when we had taken to the hills and the planes had gone elsewhere. Calmly we went

on with our dinner—though a little hurriedly. Word came that the planes were heading for Changsha—an hour away by air. We had not finished dinner when the next alarm went off—"the urgent"—telling us that the planes were nearing Yüanling. His Excellency, Bishop O'Gara, shooed us out of the house, on the principle that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." The Bishop, however, always remains in the house.

Leaving the mission compound, we hurried along streets silent and deserted—not even a stray dog in sight. It was like a city of the dead. An ominous silence enveloped the street like a shroud. The quiet was depressing, heavy with the portent of things to come. Outside the city we separated. One of the priests went across the river with the Sisters. Father Reginald went to his hide-out with the seminarians. Each one headed for his favorite place of safety. I went up into the hills—the local burying ground—and there

among the graves, I waited. I had for company many Chinese—each one squatted beside a tomb.

After a half hour and no planes in sight, I thought it was just another of the usual alarms and I was thinking of returning. But just then a faint murmuring was heard in the distance. The soldiers began shouting, "The planes are coming!" and my companions on the hillside scurried for better concealment. Steadily the murmuring mounted to a heavy roaring, and then out of the sky they came—twenty-five planes, flying high in a triple formation, one group of nine and two groups of eight. As soon as the planes got overhead, I heard the futile pop-pop of our lone anti-aircraft gun, and I realized with dismay that I had gone and planted myself near this provoking gun.

It was pitiful—the popping of this lone gun, like a boy with a peashooter attempting to wing an eagle. Disdainfully the planes droned overhead, flying in perfect formation.

Slowly and remorselessly they flew over the city, holding their fire, as if they were gloating over the helplessness of their victims. Oh, they are heroes—these brave pilots of the skies who rain their bombs on a defenseless civilian population!

After traversing the city, one group of eight planes went off to the left, to the neighboring town of Chenki. The other seventeen then gracefully wheeled and came back. Each group lined up in a straight line and came on inexorably. Lying flat on the ground, I was sure I had chosen the wrong spot, for right overhead they flew. That was an anxious moment. I saw the black

tives (what you could class as a military objective here in Yüanling, I do not know), but on the pitiful homes of a defenseless people. When the planes finally moved off, the soldiers allowed us to get to our feet. There were two great fires raging in the city. Then it was that I met one of the ministers of the American Reformed Mission and he, more familiar with the locale than I, pointed out to me the Sisters' Convent burning below. As I looked the large American flag that had been flying from a high flagpole in the yard, went up in flames. (There had also been a huge flag spread horizontally on the roof).



*Whole blocks go up in smoke as high explosive bombs fall on unprotected areas*

*International Photo*

specks of the bombs drop out from under. Then came the banshee shrieking of the hurtling messengers of death and destruction, followed by the deafening detonation as they exploded. Clouds of dirt and huge stones rose in the air. And just below me, great clouds of black smoke billowed up.

For almost an hour, those bombers circled over the city, and each time returned to rain down their deadly hail, not on military objec-

Scrambling over the graves as best I could, I hurried in the direction of the convent. I came up with Father Reginald and together we trampled over vegetable gardens and through back yards to reach the convent in the least time. Entering the Sisters' compound, we saw the fire before us. It was sweeping up from in front of the convent—a raging avenue of destruction. The convent alone was standing in a compound that had contained a girls' primary, gram-

mar, and high school, together with the girls' dormitories. And now the flames had caught the roof and the wooden porch of the convent. Luckily the Sisters and the girls were all out across the river. A woman and two of the male help were on the grounds and together we strove to check the fire's onslaught on the convent. But it was hopeless. We had no water, save a few bucketfuls we found in the yard.

His Excellency, Bishop O'Gara, then came upon the scene. He had not known the convent was on fire, but was on his way, as usual, to the scene of disaster when he saw the convent ablaze. Over a pile of wreckage he came and coolly and efficiently took charge. The whole upper story was now blazing furiously, making the lower floor a veritable oven. Into this the Bishop plunged, after stationing us outside to carry to safety the things he would pass out. Whatever he could get to the window, he passed out to us. His hands were cut and bleeding from broken glass but heedlessly he worked on, with the roof crashing down on the floor above and burning embers all around. Only when the heat was unbearable did he come out, and we all withdrew to the neighboring kitchen and storeroom to save what we could there.

Father Reginald climbed to the roof of the kitchen and together with two of the men hacked away desperately at a connecting wooden portico to keep the fire from spreading. The kitchen and storeroom were of value, for there were the food supplies and the priceless foreign stove, too big to carry through the door. There was a little picture of Sister Miriam Teresa, the saintly Sister of Charity whose cause I believe is now up for Beatification, hanging there in the kitchen. I was going to remove this. I was actually carrying it out when I thought: "No! I'll put it back and she'll come through." And she did! For the fire spent itself on the convent.

In the midst of all this salvaging, the cry went up: "The planes are coming back!" And so they were—eight of them. Flat on the ground we threw ourselves. But this was the group that had disgorged its bombs on the city of Chenki and was now returning to its base.

After the Sisters' convent was but a glowing mass of ruins, and all

that could be done had been done, Father Reginald and myself accompanied the Bishop on his rounds of the city to see the other damage and to speak a word of comfort to the unfortunate victims. In a little hollow a house had been hit. The details are too gruesome to narrate here, and there was Father Paul heroically working at the grisly business. The American Mission had been hit and partially damaged. One of our refugee camps was a wreck. Our boys' school was damaged. All around our own Catholic Church and the American Mission was wreckage and disaster, although American flags had been flying, according to regulations. In another section of the city, several hundred homes had been demolished.

Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could any of the scenes of disaster be classed as a military objective. But perhaps the Catholic Church is a military objective, since it imbues its subjects with the Christian virtues of courage and patriotism? Or mothers raising their babies are hostile enemies because these same babies may one day grow up to be soldiers? Everywhere the wreckage was appalling!

Returning to our own house, we found awaiting us a beautiful letter from the head of the American Reformed Mission whose own church and home had been hit, offering his deep sympathy upon the loss of the convent.

At the mission I picked up my camera and went back to the Sisters' compound to take some pictures of the ruins. As I neared the convent I caught sight of the Sisters with their white headdress showing up clearly against the blackened ruins. They had returned to the wreckage of their home. And I wondered how they were taking this—the last in a series of crushing disasters! For three years here in Yüanling, they had been enduring the strain of several air-raid alarms each week, and in those three years the horrors of innumerable bombings. After each bombing they had spent strenuous days tending the wounded. They had the added worry of the schooling and care of several hundred girls, mostly orphans. Day and night they had been ministering angels to the sick and wounded.

Several months ago the scourge of typhus had swept the city, and

when the hospital could hold no more, they fearlessly had treated the sick in their homes, and the soldiers in their barracks and camps. Wherever the sick were, there they had gone. Then Sister Electa, after exhausting weeks of caring for the typhus victims, had herself contracted the disease and died. Sisters Beata and Catherine had hovered for days near to death from the same disease. Happily they had pulled through. Sister Sebastian, nursing her own Sisters by day and the hospital patients by night, had finally broken beneath the strain and for a week lay exhausted. Only now was she able to get around. And finally this last crush-

They had only words of thanksgiving to the good God that all were safe and this bombing had not come a few weeks ago when the Sisters were sick and two others had stayed with them during all the alarms. No mention did they make of the fact that they were now homeless, that practically all their personal effects had been burned, that their books (priceless because of the impossibility of replacing them in these times), and all those innumerable, nameless objects that make of a dwelling place a home, even in a foreign land, were all lost to them. No! their only thoughts and all their words were of their little charges—those hundreds of girls also ren-



*News of the Day Newsworld*

*A scene that is multiplied thousands of times. Study the expressions of anxiety and horror after a raid*

ing blow—the loss of their home! I was wondering how they were taking it!

As I approached they greeted me with a brave smile, and even laughingly pointed out some of the useless things we had managed to save—an old worthless sewing machine that they had been intending to throw out anyway, and which we had laboriously lugged down from the second floor. There was the miserable little heap of belongings—all they had in the world! But not one word of self-pity did they utter.

dered homeless. Not a thought were these Sisters giving to themselves and where they themselves would sleep this night. It was all where would their little ones sleep; and already they were busy with plans and preparations for their billeting.

Oh, I tell you, Americans, you would have been proud of your noble country-women, homeless exiles in a foreign land, could you have seen them standing there amid the smoking ruin of their home—smiling! Will you give them what they need most—your support?





# WOMAN G WOMAN

By KATHERINE BURTON

## *Ousting Dame Fashion*

**H**ERE is an interesting letter, and I should like to know if other readers have been similarly affected by the matter the writer discusses:

"Some mothers are of the opinion that Dame Fashion is stealing the honors from our Blessed Lady in some of our present May processions. The latter seem to be losing much of their former pious simplicity and taking on the allure of a stylist show or fashionable wedding, with an array of young girls decked out as bridesmaids, in costumes of tender pastel shades, picture hats, and huge beribboned bouquets, and the Queen of May turned out in all the trappings of a bride. Human nature being what it is, it is difficult under such conditions for the average girl's attention not to become riveted on the clothes effects rather than the intention.

"One pastor overcame this difficulty by insisting that all the girls taking part in the procession wear uniform cloaks of white flannel over their dresses, thus reducing the dangers of vanity to a minimum."

I agree heartily with the pastor and the writer, only the pastor did not go far enough. Cloaks are merely a covering. Under them are still the dresses that cost too much money and too much time and decidedly are taking attention from Our Lady and giving it to Dame Fashion. A fashion show is a fine thing in its place, but certainly a religious procession is not supposed to be in any way confused with one even in appearance.

There always seem to be two opinions about uniforms, anyway. For myself, I like them. And, although every time a public school asks a middy blouse and plain skirt for its girls some great lover of liberty cries "regimentation" very loudly, it is certainly obvious that our girls have put themselves into a uniform anyway—a sweater, a string of beads, a plain skirt—as near a uniform as can be, allowing the one important matter of personal preference in color and kind.

## *The Value of Simplicity*

**N**OW if all this can be done for a secular reason, and merely to preserve a sort of balance so that no girl will feel sad because she can't afford the expensive beruffled affair her next door neighbor is wearing, how much more important is it to be on a sartorially equal footing when honoring Our Lady.

It is, of course, one of those questions that don't get settled unless some priest braves the epithet of narrow and insists on at least a white flannel cloak for every-

one. I hope this special one goes further next time and insists on dresses just alike, and simple ones too, permitting, if he likes, "one plain ring, one watch or bracelet, one cross and chain."

The whole thing is of course everybody's fault. For instance, why do we look at an altar where the flowers have cost a small fortune and say "oh and ah," while vases filled with garden blooms don't get much of a hand? The box from a famous florist is not necessary to honor the altar. I think perhaps Our Lord and Our Lady would feel they were doing very nicely with bouquets of the least costly flowers—if only love picked them and set them there.

It boils down to this: in this age of ours the most complicated thing to obtain and to give is simplicity.

## *Not Churches Only*

**W**HILE the month of May is still not far behind I want to quote from Elswyth Thane's book, *England Was an Island Once*: "But there was a thing called civilization. And in countries where churches have stood for nearly a thousand years in unblemished beauty, there was an obstinate sense of security and—shall we say—sanity."

She has meant it well, but has not said all there is to say. Churches can stand, of course, but if they are only buildings of what use is their standing save for the architect's eye or the tourist's? What does it matter that they stand for a thousand years if the altars inside are unlit by the old Faith for which they were built, in days when black robes and gray and white and brown honored God in them, when people came daily and could see before them the red glow of a lamp that told them the Lord of Life was there.

Consider, for one thing, the Lady chapels of English cathedrals, and what has happened to them. People troop into them and note their beauty, their quaintness, their antiques. But do you see anywhere a blue-lighted bowl that honors her for whom the shrine was built? Very few who enter nowadays consider the chapel a shrine. It is definitely a room, and nothing else.

Love built those shrines to house God's love. The buildings have stood long after love has been driven from them, though the white and black robes were driven from their spiritual and material homes hundreds of years ago. Now hate is leveling the buildings, for hate is much more compelling and speedy than love. Neither hate nor pride will build them again in their beauty. But love will rebuild them some future day when England rebuilds the Faith in her heart.

# Printed Bait

By ANGELA BURTON

**I**S IT possible that anyone would read a dog-eared magazine published last year?

Librarians answered that question when they displayed a sign: "Any book is new until you have read it." In Kansas City, Missouri, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has this response to the inquiry: "If last year's magazine has sufficient appeal it will be read; if the magazine is the only reading matter in sight its condition is just a momentary barrier."

A program for the re-distribution of Catholic literature places the living truth as well as good reading matter in the eager hands of many who are searching for guidance and lasting enjoyment. What are the thoughts of those unhappy inmates of our penal institutions, or of persons who are confined to a hospital room? How often they stare dully at a crack in the wall or a mark on the ceiling! Reading does pass away the wearisome hours for them. How welcome an author who fires their imagination with thoughts which may change the course of their lives!

Catholic literature is collected and re-distributed in Kansas City, through the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, by those who have

volunteered as Helpers. Let us consider a few examples of places receiving the literature.

Within the past year the county jail has received Catholic periodicals. Sixty of the men attend Mass and receive Holy Communion regularly. Of this number, 15 have returned to the Faith after a lapse of from 10 to 20 years.

Another receiving point in this town of hills and hollows is a privately owned hospital for unmarried mothers. The two Confraternity boxes there are serviced by a Catholic employee of the maternity home. At frequent intervals volunteers have secured literature and climbed the steep hill to the hospital, but no word reaches the Helpers of the response to the magazines. They do not see the patients, but are greeted with a smile and "thank you" from the woman at the receiving desk. Beyond that desk there is only silence. Yet these women who make the long climb to the top of the hill say they especially enjoy servicing that hospital. All who collect and deliver periodicals to spread the Kingdom of Christ know the joy of service. They are willing to carry on their efforts throughout the years without ever actually knowing of conversions which result from the literature they have distributed.

Among the Negroes in the city conversions are numerous, due partly to the zeal with which Catholic literature has been spread among them, in both their business and residential sections, by a number of their own workers. General Hospital No. 2, for the Negroes, is the

delight of the Helper who takes periodicals from the Confraternity headquarters to a colored woman employed at the hospital who, in turn, has assumed the responsibility for placing the material in the hands of the patients. To date, 15 of the Negroes receiving this reading matter have begun a course of instruction in the teachings of the Church. The deep spirituality of the Negro leaders is a source of inspiration to those who go among them. With simple hearts they express their gratitude to others who mingle with them. The rhythm of their natures attracts them to the harmony and ceremony found in the Catholic Church; the generosity which is theirs prompts them to zealous efforts in sharing their happiness with others.

This city known as the "Heart of America" has a section called "the north end." Here, literature is distributed to the men who (temporarily, in many instances) seem beaten in the struggle of life. Circumstances have forced them to find odd jobs and to live as cheaply as possible. Residents in this part of the city may be classified into three groups: the intelligentsia, the panhandlers, and the gandy dancers. The gandy dancers are employed a part of each year as section hands by the railroads. The term "gandy dancer," reportedly, is taken from the bird, a real or imaginary fowl resembling a stork, which stands with one leg lifted. It has been applied to these men because their work along the railroad tracks compels them to stand on one leg while they raise the other leg to the shovel blade. Contrary to popular belief, the proportion of drunkards among them is small.

Incidentally, those men in the north end will soon know the beneficence of St. Christopher's Inn, a Catholic hospitality house with free lodgings, free meals, an employment bureau, and a greater opportunity for spiritual advancement.

The Helpers have been graciously received at the Helping Hand In-



*Men at the Helping Hand Institute enjoy reading magazines—even those which are old*

stitute, a non-Catholic center in this district. In the room where men play games, a large rack is filled frequently with Catholic reading matter. Supervisors of the institution say that often the men empty its contents within an hour's time. When the volunteers enter the recreation room, it is not unusual for some of the men to press forward and request their favorite magazines. Several hundred men are "exposed" to the message of Holy Religion at the City Union Mission, also non-Catholic. Here, the rack for magazines is placed on the stairway leading to their cafeteria. One Helper states that at this place the literature disappears as if by magic.

Another receiving point for literature is St. John Bosco Center, a splendid example of Italian ingenuity. Kansas Citians are justly proud of this fine structure built entirely by Italian laborers of the Faith who donated their services. Here, the community spirit reaches a high level as a result of the financial and personal sacrifices made for its erection. A receptionist in the large recreation room encourages the reading of Catholic periodicals brought to them.

One active point of distribution is from a rack placed in a large bus terminal. Periodicals are also made available at hotels; apartment hotels; offices of physicians, dentists and lawyers; stores; factories; the detention home; and a municipal recreational center for youth.

What about the army required to carry out this program?

**S**TUDENTS and women volunteers, with the assistance of the Sisters and under the guidance of the priests, collect and distribute the literature. Except among the Negroes, men have taken no very active part in the program. The Sisters in Catholic grade schools, high schools, and colleges remind the children to bring the periodicals to school. All students may participate in the plan, from the tiny first grader who begs mother to hurry and finish the current issues, to the zealous seniors who wish a larger part in the program. All literature is brought to the Confraternity headquarters where it is sorted, stamped, and prepared for delivery. Students, under the guidance of adults, assist at the office.

Is it difficult for the Helpers to

distribute the literature regularly?

There's the rub! Nearly all volunteers have to force themselves to regularity in their calls. If they have determined to visit the home for the poor every other Thursday, very often there are ten reasons for not going at the time appointed. One solution of this difficulty is for each Helper to have two or more substitutes on whom she may call when necessary. In some cases it is better for the Helper to advise the headquarters whenever she wishes a substitute. Someone is then called from those listed as available for such emergencies.

**H**IGH school and college youth have responded wholeheartedly, assuming the responsibility for various offices and apartment hotels. This gives them an opportunity to engage in Catholic Action. Too often their complaint has been that they are given nothing specific to do although they wish to be of service. If America is to turn away from its pagan ideals, our youth must rally to the cause of Christ. If the masses of the future think, speak, and act for the sake of Christianity, there can be no doubt about the outcome of the conflict with 'isms. It can be done through the adoption of the extremely practical program explained in this article, at the cost of a little personal self-sacrifice and with benefit even to those who participate in such a program.

Why not encourage our young people to extend their lay activity to spreading the truths of Holy Mother Church?

Mama's plans for her darling may be limited to social climbing. She may feel that daughter is too good to distribute old magazines. Mama fails to realize that if the Godless forces triumph there may be no social ladder to climb.

And what does daughter want? She craves action. Youth's ideals are high, and not infrequently they express a desire to reform society. Young people are anxious to participate in a constructive program, provided, however, they firmly believe in the plan and have full confidence in their leaders. Frantic parents making after-midnight telephone calls endeavoring to locate their offspring, may be reminded that those who are given some personal responsibility in the cause of

Christ's Church will think twice before entering night clubs.

Because of the general condition of unrest, Confraternity Helpers are unable to distribute literature in many factories and production plants. Those who make the wheels turn in our national defense program are the very ones who should know the just rights of labor and the proper demands of capital as interpreted by Holy Mother Church. Catholic literature, placed in the hands of the laboring masses and their employers, could solve our strike problems. More than ten years ago, reliable informants stated that fervent English Catholics had gone to their laboring classes. Pieces of Catholic literature were handed factory workmen as they walked into the streets. The doctrines of the Church were expounded by well-informed street preachers. Now that England is at war and labor is working harmoniously with the government, it is possible that the distribution of Catholic literature was in some measure responsible for the present co-operation between the worker and his employer.

**I**T HAS been found advisable to mark each periodical with a hand stamp which bears a cross and the words:

For Further Information Apply  
Confraternity of Christian Doctrine  
3147 Broadway Kansas City, Mo.

This stamp has enabled many persons to write to the headquarters for information or to express appreciation for the literature. One young man wrote for information and stated that while visiting in Kansas City he had been handed some Catholic literature. Although further correspondence with the Confraternity was encouraged, he was advised to talk with the priest in his home town in western Kansas. He took instructions locally and soon became a Catholic. Recently, he wrote to Confraternity headquarters and told that he is considering entering a seminary to study for the priesthood, and advised that he especially desires to convert the members of his family.

Yes, dog-eared magazines a year or two old are being read in Kansas City. Also, the fish are biting in the Show Me State, and many found in the net of the Eternal Fisherman are caught with printed bait.



# Our Service Chaplains

WITH promptness and generosity our American priests have again answered a call for God and country. Eager to provide for the spiritual welfare of Catholics now serving in our armed forces, chaplains have taken their posts at camps, training stations, and on ships. With equal promptness and generosity, we trust our Catholics at home will do what they can to assist these zealous priests.

So lengthy is the list that we are printing only part of it in this issue. It will be completed in our August issue. For your convenience the camps are listed according to the various states. We suggest a note to one

of the chaplains in some camp near your home. From him you will learn his correct military title, as well as the way in which you can best assist him.

Individual subscriptions to THE SIGN, your diocesan paper and other Catholic magazines for chaplains or for your friends and relatives will be welcomed. But many who cannot afford direct subscriptions will be able to remail current Catholic publications, papers, and books. As the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Military Delegate, wrote: "Catholic literature of the type represented by THE SIGN, is constantly being asked for by the chaplains."

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 243rd Coast Artillery  
 Newport R. I. Naval Training Station  
 888 King St.  
 33rd Tng. Battalion  
 315th Inf.  
 28th Infantry  
 8th Division  
 Marine Base  
 Marine Base  
 45th Div. Camp Barkeley  
 45th Div. Camp Barkeley  
 179th Infantry, Camp Barkeley  
 Cavalry  
 63rd Coast Artillery  
 Reception Center  
 113th Cavalry  
 Oblate Fathers  
 Brooks Field  
 124th Cavalry  
 36 Div. Camp Bowie  
 133rd Field Artillery  
 111th Medical Regiment  
 143rd Infantry  
 214 East 8th St.  
 Naval Air Station  
 Ellington Field  
 129th Infantry  
 108th Engineers  
 Headquarters  
 69th Coast Artillery  
 Kelly Field  
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 Box 1808 St. John's Sem.  
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 Reception Ctr. 104th anti-tank Battalion  
 Station Hospital  
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 33rd Division  
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 130th Infantry  
 108th Engineers  
 122nd Field Artillery  
 123rd F. A.  
 C. A. Replacement Cntr.  
 Inf. Replacement Cntr.  
 Fort Douglas  
 331 E. South Temple  
 Fort Belvoir  
 Fort Belvoir  
 Fort Ethan Allen  
 Maxwell Field  
 Maxwell Field  
 102nd Qtrmstr. Corps  
 Hdqtrs. 27th Div.  
 106th Field Artillery  
 106th Infantry  
 10th Infantry  
 105th Infantry

Fort Adams, R. I.  
 Fort Adams, R. I.  
 Newport, R. I.  
 Charleston, S. C.  
 Camp Croft, Spartanburg, S. C.  
 Fort Jackson, S. C.  
 Fort Jackson, S. C.  
 Fort Jackson, S. C.  
 Parris Island, S. C.  
 Parris Island, S. C.  
 Abilene, Texas  
 Abilene, Texas  
 Abilene, Texas  
 Fort Bliss, Texas  
 Fort Bliss, Texas  
 Fort Bliss, Texas  
 Camp Bowie, Texas  
 Brackettsville, Texas  
 Texas  
 Ft. Brown, Brownsville, Texas  
 Brownwood, Texas  
 Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas  
 Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas  
 Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas  
 Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 Corpus Christi, Texas  
 Texas  
 Camp Forrest, Tenn.  
 Camp Forrest, Tenn.  
 Camp Hulén, Texas  
 Camp Hulén, Texas  
 Texas  
 Texas  
 Texas  
 San Antonio, Texas  
 San Antonio, Texas  
 Texas  
 Ft. Sam Houston, Texas  
 Ft. Sam Houston, Texas  
 Ft. Sam Houston, Texas  
 Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.  
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 Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.  
 Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.  
 Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.  
 Camp Wallace, Texas  
 Camp Wolters, Mineral Wells, Texas  
 Utah  
 Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Virginia  
 Virginia  
 Vermont  
 Alabama  
 Alabama  
 Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
 Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
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102nd Medical Regiment  
 108th Infantry  
 165th Infantry  
 165th Regiment  
 104th Field Artillery  
 Fort Richardson  
 St. Mark's Church  
 314 O'Hara Ave. Box 949  
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 Camp Robinson  
 35th Division  
 138th Infantry  
 C.A. Replacement Cntr.  
 Hamilton Field  
 Camp Callan  
 Regimental Chaplain, 10th Marines  
 216th C. Artillery  
 USS Canopus, c/o Postmaster  
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 Moffet Field  
 Camp Ord  
 C.A.S.C. 1930 Presidio of Monterey  
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 4th Army Hdqtrs. Presidio of  
 Park and Ninth Streets  
 Camp Roberts  
 Infantry & Replacement Cntr.  
 Camp Roberts  
 19th Coast Artillery  
 Marine Corps Base  
 Naval Training Station  
 Naval Training Station  
 Letterman Gen'l Hospital  
 159th Inf.  
 184th Regiment  
 160th Inf. R 40th Div.  
 115th QM Corps  
 U.S.S. Oklahoma  
 U.S.S. Pensacola, c/o Postmaster  
 U.S.S. Tennessee, c/o Postmaster  
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 U.S.S. California, c/o Postmaster  
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 U.S.S. Lexington, c/o Postmaster  
 U.S.S. Mississippi, c/o Postmaster  
 Fort Winfield Scott  
 65th Coast Artillery  
 Fort Kobbe  
 Fort Sherman  
 Ft. Wm. D. Davis  
 Naval Air Base  
 Rio Hato Airfield  
 Albrook Field  
 France Field  
 Camp Paraiso  
 Fitzsimmons Gen. Hosp.  
 Lowry Field  
 Loretto Heights College  
 Submarine Base  
 Apartado 46  
 261st Artillery  
 St. John's Church  
 31st Division  
 172nd Field Artillery  
 118th Medical Regiment  
 169th Inf. APO 43  
 103rd Infantry  
 Hdqtrs. 43rd Div.  
 172nd Infantry 43rd Div.  
 116th F.A.  
 102nd Infantry  
 35th F.A.  
 Naval Air Station  
 MacDill Field  
 Naval Air Station  
 Army Air Base  
 Hdqtrs. 3rd Air Force  
 335 Ivy Street, N.E.  
 Hdqtrs. 4th Division  
 2nd Armored Division  
 Fort Benning  
 2nd Armored Division  
 Fort Wheeler  
 Fort Wheeler  
 Savannah Air Base  
 207th Coast Artillery  
 13th Tr. Battalion Inf. Replacement  
 Navy Yard  
 Fort Shafter  
 Schofield Barracks  
 Hickam Field  
 11th F. A. B.  
 298th Infantry  
 Hdqtrs. Hawaiian Dept.  
 501 North Church St.  
 Reception Cntr.  
 201st Infantry  
 Chanute Field  
 N. Ashland Ave.  
 6214 S. Dangamon St.  
 Hdqtrs. 6th Corps Area U. S. Post Office Bldg.

Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
 Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
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 Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
 Ft. McClellan, Ala.  
 Anchorage, Alaska  
 Skagway, Alaska  
 Bisbee, Arizona  
 Bisbee, Arizona  
 Arkansas  
 Camp Robinson, Ark.  
 Camp Robinson, Little Rock  
 Camp Callan, Calif.  
 California  
 San Diego, Calif.  
 Camp Elliott, Cal.  
 Camp Haan, Calif.  
 San Francisco, Calif.  
 San Francisco, Calif.  
 Ft. McArthur, Calif.  
 Camp McQuade, Watsonville, Calif.  
 California  
 Fort Ord, Calif.  
 Fort Ord, Calif.  
 San Francisco, Calif.  
 Riverside, Calif.  
 California  
 Camp Roberts, San Miguel, Calif.  
 California  
 Ft. Rosecrans, Calif.  
 San Diego, Calif.  
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 San Francisco, Calif.  
 Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.  
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 Denver, Colorado  
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 Loretto, Colo.  
 New London, Conn.  
 Guantanamo Orte, Cuba  
 Ft. Dupont, Dela.  
 Milford, Del.  
 Camp Blanding, Fla.  
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 Tampa, Fla.  
 Atlanta, Ga.  
 Ft. Benning, Ga.  
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 Macon, Ga.  
 Macon, Ga.  
 Georgia  
 Camp Stewart, Ga.  
 Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.  
 Pearl Harbor, T. H.  
 Hawaiian Depart., T. H.  
 Hawaiian Depart., T. H.  
 T. H.  
 Schofield Barracks, T. H.  
 Schofield Barracks, T. H.  
 Fort Shafter, T. H.  
 Belleville, Ill.  
 Ft. Benjamin, Harrison, Ind.  
 Ft. Benjamin, Harrison, Ind.  
 Illinois  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Chicago, Ill.

# Precious Ointment

Enid Dinnis . .

THE gray stone square-towered church at Pedley-by-the-Pool was a much-prized addition to the Pedley mentioned in the Domesday Book some three or four hundred years previously. It was built at the behest of the Lady Rowena, the wife of the knight who held the manor of Pedley, and it was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen.

It was a thousand pities that there was no one to set down the story of the Lady Rowena. She had been married to the elderly knight of Pedley when she herself was in the full bloom of her youth and beauty. At her father's castle she had been courted by suitors of her own age, and she had tasted the pleasures of life in London Town where the King held his Court, but it was the quiet, elderly suitor who carried off the prize.

There was no gay pageantry in the life at Pedley. It was as stagnant as the pool by which it stood. Rowena was young, and the world called to her. It called and called, until one day the good knight's wife was missing. Missing she remained. The hucksters who brought gossip to Pedley along with their wares told tales of the Lady Rowena and her gay life in London Town. People passed them on in a low whisper out of respect for the good knight, her husband, who had taken his loss in silence, passing swiftly into an older old age and a state of health that robbed him of most of his faculties.

Then one day the Lady Rowena reappeared. The old man, her husband, received her as the father in the parable had received his prodigal son. It may have been that his memory had failed him as to the intervening years; however it was, young Lady Rowena took her place again as his wife. It was a place by

his bedside which she seldom left except to visit the poor or to inspect the building of the new church which was to replace the poor one, built of mud and wattle already existing.

The new church was being built by the Lady of the Manor. It was to be a sturdy one of rock-like stone, to stand for all time and it was to be dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, to whom the Lady Rowena had a passionate devotion. It grew apace, for Jack the mason and Kit the carpenter were hot on the pursuit of the Lady Rowena's wishes, for she had a way with her that few could withstand. St. Mary Magdalen may have blessed their efforts also for she and the Lady Rowena were very great friends. There was to be a great stone image of the saint to be placed in a niche under a canopy of carved tracery over the door of the church outside the tower. There she would watch for all time, and show poor sinners her vase of precious ointment, fulfilling the Gospel precept to tell to all generations the story of the woman who loved much.

The church was completed but a few weeks before the death of the good knight in the arms of his devoted wife and nurse. They buried him in the newly built sanctuary, and people wondered why the tomb



*At that moment a moonbeam struck  
athwart the figure over the door as Norah  
looked up at it. It was silvery white.  
Norah's heart stood still*





was made for one only. They heard the reason later on.

Soon afterward Pedley-by-the-Pool was set agape by the astounding news that the Lady Rowena was intending to do penance in a white sheet in the church which she had built. She had waited until her husband's death so as not to grieve or shame him. It took place on a Sunday so that all might be obliged to be present at the Mass; but one and all without exception stood with downcast eyes, and no one but the priest saw the Lady Rowena as she walked up the nave clad in a white sheet with a lighted candle in her hand and made her public act of contrition.

After that the Lady Rowena went to end her days in a cell at a neighboring convent. There she lived in the strictest retirement, seeing only those who were penitents and outcasts and who sought comfort for their souls. There were many holy people who would have been glad to have dalliance with Rowena—learned clerks and the like—but it was only the sinners who gained access to her cell.

When she died it was found that Rowena had left word that her remains were to be buried under the path leading to the church door so that her grave might be trodden upon by all that went to pray. They carried out her wishes, but they placed the body in a stone coffin and inscribed thereon the words: "Rowena, at whose behest this church was raised to the glory of God," digging the letters in deep, so that they should last for all time; and the folk who made their reverence to St. Mary Magdalen over the church door came to add a reverence to the memory of Rowena, and a prayer to another woman who had likewise loved much.

There were some indeed in a succeeding generation who took the statue over the church door to be that of the saintly recluse herself and not of her patron, but they might have known that the Lady Rowena had not possessed an alabaster vase of ointment, nor could she like St. Mary Magdalen have poured it out over the feet of her Master, save that He had said that the good done to one's fellow Christian was done even unto Him. And good deeds are as precious ointment and a vicarious anointing.

So Lady Rowena's church remained as her memorial and her name was still on the lips of the village folk when the evil day came when men calling themselves the King's men came and cast down the altar in the sanctuary where the good knight slept, and destroyed the images that spoke to the people of the saints whose likenesses they were.

They took the altar-stone and inserted it in the flagged path leading up to the church door so that it might be trodden upon. Only the statue of St. Mary Magdalen escaped. St. Mary Magdalen stood steadfastly in her niche clasping her alabaster vase, gazing out along the path where for more than two generations the people who came to worship in the new way made a curve round when they came to a certain spot in the paved pathway. Then there came a day when "religious zeal" took new life. At the time of the Commonwealth, Cromwell's roundheads came that way, and stabled their horses in the old gray church that to their minds still savored of popery. They caught sight of the St. Mary Magdalen over the church door and making it a target for their muskets shot off her head.

WHEN the King came back to his own, the church built by the Lady Rowena for the glory of God was no longer used as a stable, but St. Mary Magdalen remained headless. She still clasped her alabaster vase, and in the protective shelter of her niche appeared to be defying time as effectively as the old church itself, apart from the fact that her head had succumbed to enemy action.

There followed three quiet centuries. Pedley remained as remote from the world as it had been in the days when the good knight brought his young bride there. The pool had dried up, but stagnation was in the atmosphere. Some of the surrounding ancient churches were beginning to assume an outward similarity to those of the old times. Medieval trappings had reappeared, but the rector of Pedley-by-the-Pool was of the old-fashioned type. He was a bachelor, but for no ecclesiastical reasons. St. Mary Magdalen continued to represent the image worship repudiated by the late Tudors and Cromwellians, but she remained headless. It might indeed be doubted if the present rector had grasped the

fact that she was wanting a head. He generally had his nose in a book. The controversy making three distinct Marys of the Magdalen would have interested him more than a medieval image. He was not of an archeological turn of mind. He would have preferred to have a new church, convenient and roomy, nearer to the modern end of the straggling village, but the old gray church appeared to have been built for all time. Its sturdy walls faced a future of which few in these amazing days dared to cast a prediction.

The outbreak of the War made little more than a ripple on the still waters of life in Pedley-by-the-Pool. The arrival of evacuees from London followed later on. Pedley Hall, a modern house built on the site of the home of the Lady Rowena and the good knight, her husband, was rented by a family which had removed itself into a safe area. Nothing safer than Pedley-by-the-Pool could well be imagined. No one found it more so than Norah who had come to London from Ireland to get some thrills out of life. Safety meant deadly dullness and Norah was by no means inclined to put safety first.

Life in London had been pleasant enough. There had been the dances at the Church Hall which her kind mistress encouraged her to attend; and the cinemas, on her afternoon out. It had been altogether cheerful and amusing, especially as Norah was as comely to look upon as nature knows how to make an Irish maiden. She had wonderful gray-blue eyes thickly fringed with black lashes; and moreover, a ready wit that made her what is known as "good company." Had she been born in different circumstances she would have made her mark in society, and perchance on the stage, for there was a fine spirit in Norah that would have interpreted the inspirations of romantic playwrights and got them over the footlights. But the farm in County Mayo had offered no facilities for this development. Norah's parents had been against her coming to London, even as an under-housemaid in a respectable family, but her spirit of adventure had prevailed over their fears. And yet, withal, she had the mind of a child.

It was Norah who first rediscovered the fact that St. Mary Mag-

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Magdalen did not possess a head. On one of her afternoon walks she went to have a look at the old parish church which they told her had once been Catholic. She did not go inside—nothing would have induced her to—but she had a good look at the outside, and at St. Mary Magdalen whose head, someone had told her, had been shot off by Cromwell's soldiers.

Norah felt somehow drawn to St. Mary Magdalen. As she looked up at her she felt a kind of friendliness about the place. She fell to wondering if St. Mary Magdalen was so very hard on those who hankered after a good time? It was so terribly dull and flat at Pedley. No better than the farm in County Mayo. Worse, in fact, for there had been boys in the village to talk to. At Pedley the only available one was poor Jimmy who helped the gardeners, and was so poorly favored as to be almost a figure of fun amongst the girls. Jimmy possessed no kith or kin, and he had a "boarded-out" past. No one would have been proud of being seen walking out with Jimmy. He worshipped Norah, but as a stammer was added to his other physical defects his clumsy attempts at pretty speeches came to worse than nothing.

It was a sad pity that there was no one who knew the story of the Lady Rowena to tell the exile who sorely missed the books from the twopenny lending library. Twopenny lending libraries have not got the monopoly of romance. St. Mary Magdalen could have told her that, as also could the Lady Rowena.

So the months went by. The War which was shaking the world began at last to stir the still waters of Pedley's invisible pool. Evacuees poured into the village with stories of air raids and bombs that raised the hair of some folk, but they did not serve to mitigate Norah's longing for the life lived in towns, where it would seem people were gayer than ever—"just to annoy Jerry." She found one sympathizer. The kind gentleman who gave her a lift in his car was very sympathetic. He promised to look out for her when she needed a lift; and perhaps they might make the lift a joy ride?

Norah's mother had warned her against making friends with anyone who had not been properly intro-

duced to her, but this gentleman was so very kind, and he understood so well how hard it was for her to be where she was. He had been quite vexed about it, considering that there were houses in London crying out for domestic help. It was hard to be expected to fall back on the likes of Jimmy who had been properly introduced to her in the kitchen at the Hall.

Norah did not visit St. Mary Magdalen on this occasion. She was certain that she would not have been hard on her, but—anyway, she was in a hurry.

Poor Jimmy fell somewhat into disfavor after this. Norah took a malicious pleasure in teasing him, as the others did.

"I don't like your church," she told him (Jimmy sometimes helped the old sexton with his grave-digging and that made him official, as it were). "You've knocked off St. Mary Magdalen's head. How dare you be so disrespectful to a saint?"

Jimmy disclaimed responsibility, on behalf of higher officials. It had been done ages and ages ago.

"Then why don't they put it on again?" Norah asked, promptly, and Jimmy was reduced to silence.

He took the matter to heart and turned it over in his mind, with the result that he approached Mr. Plummer, one of the churchwardens, with a proposition.

Jimmy had been over to Exford and had had a look at the church that Norah attended. He had taken special note of the various images, and the priest had come along and explained to him that they helped one to realize that the saints were living, friendly people to whom one might talk at any time and in any



*No one but the priest saw the Lady Rowena as she walked up the nave clad in white*

place. Jimmy took kindly to the idea. He understood Norah's indignation at the treatment of St. Mary Magdalen. His proposition was an eminently practical one. Might he be allowed to supply the statue of St. Mary Magdalen with a new head?

Mr. Plummer, however, was against the idea. He spoke with the pomp of officialdom. "You can't touch the fixtures of a church without a faculty from the Bishop," he told Jimmy, "You'd get into trouble."

Jimmy however got the last word. "They needn't find out that it was me did it," he said. Dark deeds can be done under the cover of night.

THINGS had come to a climax. London had called Norah as Magdala had beckoned to Mary, and a King's Court to the Lady Rowena. She was hurrying along the road, guided by the light of the full moon, carrying her suitcase.

It had all been arranged by the

kind gentleman who had given her a lift. He was going to give her a lift now—to a relative of his in London who would be delighted to have her as a guest until she found a suitable situation; and in the meanwhile she was to have the time of her life.

The moonlight showed the time by the church clock. She was too early. It would not do to wait about by the roadside. She might be recognized. The obvious thing was to turn in at the church gate and wait in the churchyard. It was some time now since Norah had visited St. Mary Magdalen.

As a rule Norah had no fear of graveyards at night but tonight there was an eerie feeling of death about the hallowed acre. She would have retreated, but in spite of all there was still the kindly protective feeling there. She somehow felt that she needed protection. (There was a faint "zoom" overhead, but it did not mean anything to Norah.) But at that moment a moonbeam struck athwart the figure over the door as Norah looked up at it. It was silvery white. Norah's heart stood still.

St. Mary Magdalen was looking down on her. She no longer lacked eyes to do so for—there was no mistaking it in the clear moonlight—*she possessed a head!*

Unable to believe her eyes, Norah opened the gate and ventured nearer, lured by the wonder overhead. Yes, St. Mary Magdalen possessed a head. It was bent slightly forward and the saint was looking down on her. Norah had fallen on her knees on the flagged path. She dared not look up again.

It seemed to her that there was someone standing at her side. Some one garbed in white who carried a light. She felt no fear of the "sheeted dead," only a friendly feeling of protection.

Norah had buried her face in her hands. A veil seemed suddenly to have been drawn from her eyes. What was it that she was about to do? Conscience, and the instinct that protects maidenhood, both answered the query. She knelt there shaking like a leaf. She thought of her visits to the Blessed Sacrament when she was a child in County Mayo. How she had wished that she had possessed a box of precious ointment to pour out there before the Tabernacle. Someone had once told her that the ointment meant the

natural loves and longings of the saint's heart, and that they could be given to the Lord by anyone capable of affection. That love bestowed on others for His sake was precious ointment. She had wanted to be a martyr or a missionary in those days. Now? . . . It was all coming in upon her as a terrible awakening as she knelt there on the spot that held its secrets hidden under her feet.

She raised her head and looked upward. "I must go back," she whispered; and St. Mary Magdalen bowed her head, as though in approval.

Norah was flying along the road in the direction of home. He might overtake her! The thought was full of terror. A zoom sounded in the air. It grew louder. It became a loud, rattling sound. Then there was a sudden swish, a hideous kind of scream, and an ear-splitting explosion.

Pedley-by-the-Pool had had its first bomb.

NEXT morning the village heard the account of what had happened. The bomb had fallen close to the church, making a big hole just outside the west door. Only the four walls of the church remained, and the tower. The latter had suffered from blast. The canopy above the statue of St. Mary Magdalen had completely disappeared, but the statue itself remained intact—nay, more than intact! Pedley-by-the-Pool could show a phenomenon unapproached by any of the stories of the miraculous preservation of sacred images; for whereas she had formerly been without a head St. Mary Magdalen now possessed one.

The only casualty was one of the maids at the Hall who had been out of doors and was suffering from shock after a remarkably narrow escape. She had been sent to the cottage hospital for a rest.

Jimmy was Norah's first visitor. He was sent over by the head gardener with a basket of fruit and was shown into the little room where she was sitting. He was able to give her all the interesting details. How they had found an old stone coffin in the hole made by the bomb and it contained the bones of the great lady who had built the church in bygone days. They had also found a stone slab with five crosses marked on it, and it was part of the altar of

the church in old days, and the rector had given it to the priest at the church where Norah went to Mass as he had no use for it himself. The church had suffered badly, but St. Mary Magdalen was still up in her perch with her alabaster box.

Jimmy pulled a long face when he came to this. "I had found her a new head," he said, "and I'd only stuck it on the evening before the bomb dropped. It was there next day, but the clay had been too soft and it fell off while they were looking at it."

Norah made no direct comment. "Oh, Jimmy," she said, "I have been saved from a terrible danger, and it was through St. Mary Magdalen. How wonderful it is!"

"Yes," Jimmy agreed, "you might have been blown into little bits."

"Worse than that, Jimmy," Norah said.

"I made her the new head," Jimmy said, reverting to the subject, and wistful for a compliment on his action, "because the Bible says that her story ought to be told wherever they preached the gospel, and they could tell it that way if it were a proper image."

"Why, Jimmy," Norah said, "you ought to be a Catholic."

Jimmy agreed. "I'd like to," he said.

He glanced up sharply at her. A light came into his pale eyes.

"Norah," he said, "would you marry me if I was a Catholic?" This earnestness and devotion had overcome his stammer.

Norah sat there in silence—a long silence. She was looking at Jimmy with her eyes full of thought. It was Jimmy who by his handiwork had lured her to the feet of St. Mary Magdalen on that never-to-be-forgotten night. Poor Jimmy. How simple and honest he was. He had never known what mothering meant. No one had ever looked after him for love. A feeling of pity, of tender pity, had taken possession of her heart. Pity has been called the kinsman of love. It might well be its parent.

She was holding her alabaster vase filled to the brim with its precious ointment. She took it and poured it out—on the feet of the One who had been her first Love years ago in County Mayo.

"Sure and I would, Jimmy," she said.



# The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

## Luck or the Will of God?

When one has been spared some great misfortune, in which others have not been so fortunate, it is a commonplace to thank God for it. I presume that it is good Catholicism, too. It always has seemed to me that God has refused His favor to those who were merely less lucky. If God is responsible for saving, He is also responsible for not saving, in matters that have no connection with the free will of the persons concerned. Certainly, among those saved and those lost, there is no evidence of merit and demerit.—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is, indeed, a laudable custom to thank God for escaping misfortune, as well as for all the good things that have come to us from His Providence. But one must beware of using such words as "responsibility" when speaking of God's part in the government of His creation. God has no "responsibilities."

Divine Providence has foreseen and provided for all things in the universe. It has prepared everything in due weight and measure. Even so insignificant a thing as the fall of a sparrow is comprehended within the scope of Divine Providence. Hence, in respect to God, there is no such thing as "chance."

Since man is mortal, he cannot escape death; and since he must die in some manner and at some time, it is not to be wondered that in a shipwreck, for instance, some are saved and others lost. The reason why we are impressed with such things as shipwrecks is because so many may happen to die in one place and at one time. But this is not essentially different from the same number of deaths spread over a large area occurring at the same time.

Because some die is no sign that they are in God's disfavor; rather they may be ready to die, and God shows His care of them by calling them at that time. If, on the other hand, some are called unprepared for death, it is their fault and not God's. It is a just punishment for their sins. It does not follow, therefore, that the dead are "unlucky" and the survivors "lucky."

## Offering Communion for Another

*I was surprised to learn during a day of recollection that Holy Communion cannot be offered for another person or intention, that it is a spiritual food for the individual receiving it. As it is impossible to eat a meal for someone else's benefit, likewise Holy Communion cannot be received for someone else. Please explain.—*WASHINGTON, D. C.

The practice of "offering up" Holy Communion for another's benefit has been observed for several centuries and it enjoys at least the tacit approval of the Church. In some religious communities, for instance, the living members are enjoined by their Rule, which has the approval of the Holy See, to offer a certain number of Communions for the deceased members of the society.

Though a common practice, it is somewhat difficult to explain from a strictly theological viewpoint. It is false to think that a communicant can convey to another the direct sacramental fruit of his Communion, so that the latter profits thereby in the same manner and measure as the actual recipient.

Holy Communion directly and *ex opere operato*—that is, by virtue of the Sacrament itself as an instrument of divine power—benefits only the recipient, not only because the effect of the Sacrament is proper only to the one who receives it worthily, but also because the Holy Eucharist being a spiritual food, it can nourish only the one who partakes of it.

As a supernatural good work of the communicant, however, or *ex opere operantis*, Holy Communion can indirectly benefit both the living and the dead, and for the following reasons:

Holy Communion is an excellent act of religion, and as such it has a satisfactory value and a title of congruity to some extra Divine favors (*de congruo*) attaching to it. These fruits may be ceded to others in virtue of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, whereby we are members one of another. Holy Communion, moreover, inspires the soul to make fervent acts of

divine love and other virtues, by means of which the communicant's prayers for others have more than ordinary efficacy with God. Lastly, there are indulgences which may be gained on the occasion of Holy Communion which the Church allows the living to apply to the souls in Purgatory. (*Manuale Theol. Dogm.*, Herve, 111, 184; "Holy Communion for Others," Connell, C. SS. R., *The Clergy Review*, February 1934.)

### Seven Sacraments

*What are the seven sacraments of the Church? I would like to know more about them. Are there any pamphlets available?*—ELIZABETH, N. J.

The seven sacraments are: Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Holy Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction. The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., publishes seven attractive pamphlets containing excellent instructions on the Sacraments by Rev. Francis J. Connell, the distinguished Redemptorist theologian.

### Body of Saint Francis of Assisi

*Is it true that the body of Saint Francis of Assisi was lost and has not been discovered up to the present time?*—BOSTON, MASS.

In the critical edition of *Butler's Lives of the Saints*, the following note is found in the story of Saint Francis of Assisi for October 4, page 51: "He [Saint Francis] had asked to be buried in the criminal's cemetery on the Colle d'Inferno, but the next day his body was taken in solemn procession to the church of St. George in Assisi. Here it remained until two years after his canonization, when, in 1230, it was secretly removed to the great basilica built by Brother Elias. For six hundred years it was not seen by the eyes of man, till in 1818, after fifty-two days' search, it was found deep down beneath the high altar in the lower church." If this is the truth, it follows that Saint Francis' body has been discovered and its location is known.

### O, Salutaris: Tantum Ergo: Gate of Heaven

(1) What is the English translation of these words: "O Salutaris Hostia," and "Tantum Ergo?" (2) Where in the Old Testament does it say that because of original sin the gates of heaven were closed? Also where in the Old Testament does it say that a Redeemer was promised, who would reopen the gates of heaven?—C. J. C., Paterson, N. J.

(1) The literal translation of the first phrase is, "O, salutary host [victim]"; but the traditional translation is "O, Saving Victim"—referring to Our Lord. *Tantum ergo*, literally, means, "so great, therefore." In the Eucharistic hymn the meaning is that the faithful bow down in adoration before "so great a Sacrament."

(2) Nowhere, in either the Old Testament or the New Testament, is it explicitly stated that the gate of heaven was closed because of original sin, and opened by Christ the Redeemer; but these effects are implicitly contained in the doctrine of the redemption. What man lost in Adam was restored in Christ; "that as sin hath

reigned to death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. Chap. V.) The first promise of a future redeemer was made by God Himself when He cursed the serpent (the devil) for his deceit: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel" (Gen. 3:15). The "seed" of the woman who would crush the head of the serpent was Christ our Redeemer.

### Cain and Wife: Pre-Adamites and Co-Adamites

You answered in the April issue that Cain and Abel were the first two children of Adam and Eve, but not the only offspring of the parents of the human race; and that the Book of Genesis mentions daughters among the children of Adam. You also say that Cain's wife was his own sister, such marriages being lawful in the beginning, as the human race could not be propagated otherwise. It is merely an assumption that Cain married his sister, because the Bible does not so state. Furthermore, the Bible says "And Cain went out from the face of the Lord and dwelt as a fugitive in the earth at the east side of Eden; and Cain knew his wife" (Gen. 4:16.) Why should Cain's sister also become a fugitive? Assume that she was born after Abel was slain, and it would have been unfair for her to be carrying the condemnation that was visited upon Cain.

I am no theologian, but I have my own theory of the beginning of the human race, which I do not think conflicts with religion. From what we hear from time to time of the discoveries of pre-historic man, it seems to me that at the time of the creation of Adam and Eve there were on the earth a species of animal man; in other words, prior to Adam and Eve the earth contained creatures man-like in character but without a soul, and the Lord selected two such characters which were to dominate. In giving a soul to these two creatures, He gave them intelligence above all other creatures, and then began the gradual development of mankind as we see it today.

Following this theory and the words of some of the Bibles which read, "And Cain went out into the woods and took a wife," the wife of Cain might have been an animal like Adam was before he inherited a soul. The offspring of Cain and this creature in the natural way inherited a soul, and likewise the other members of Adam's family did the same thing and thus began the human race. In time there was a departure because there were enough human beings with a soul to intermarry. This theory I believe is good from a physiological standpoint. The Church denies intermarriage with close kin because nature rebels against such unions and generally the product is not good; therefore, it would seem my theory overcomes this particular trouble. I believe my theory is reasonable and more natural and it does not impair anything that is stated in the Bible and should not weaken anyone's mind in a religious sense.—CLEVELAND, O.

Your "theory" of the origin of the human family is contrary to Catholic doctrine. Our common origin from Adam and Eve is of faith, not only because of the universal teaching of the Church, but also because it has

been implicitly defined by the Council of Trent, which taught that original sin was contracted by all the descendants of Adam (the Blessed Virgin Mary excepted), which sin must be washed away by Baptism. (Sess. 5, canons 2, 3, 4. *Denn-Bann. 789 et seq.*) All human beings are Adam's descendants. In the Council of the Vatican a canon was prepared which said: "If anyone shall deny that the whole human race has descended from one common parent, Adam, let him be anathema." The Council was forced to adjourn, however, before action was taken on it.

The reference to "man-like creatures without a soul" is pure guesswork and assumes a mitigated form of evolution, which is not only unproved by any scientific discoveries, but is contrary to the authoritative answers of the Biblical Commission, June 30, 1909, to the effect that we may not call into question the *literal historical* meaning of the first three chapters of Genesis in regard to the narration of facts that touch the fundamental teachings of the Christian faith; and in particular "the special creation of man, the formation of the first woman from the first man, the unity of the human race, etc."

The Scriptural account of the creation of man clearly indicates that there were no other *rational* creatures on this earth at that time. This does not absolutely rule out the probability that there might have been rational creatures before Adam's creation, but it does forbid us to hold that there were any of them existing on the earth when Adam was made. But the Biblical account does imply that Adam was the first rational creature on this earth.

There are two accounts of Adam's creation, the first in Genesis, 1:26 *et seq.* and the second in Genesis 2:7 *et seq.* But both refer to the same act, the second specifying the *manner* of man's creation. That Adam was the first man created on earth is implied in the text, "there was not a man to till the earth," and to supply this lack God created man (Gen. 2:5.) Again, it was not good for man to be alone, so God created a helpmate, for there was no one found like him. (Gen. 2:18-20.) Adam is called "the first [man] created by God, the father of the world" (Wis. 10:1), and Eve is called "the mother of all the living [human beings]" (Gen. 3:20.) Further, the Bible says explicitly that God "hath made of one [Adam] all mankind to dwell upon the whole face of the earth" (Acts 17:24-26.)

Therefore, it is contrary to Catholic doctrine to maintain that there were "Co-Adamites" upon the earth, and that Adam is the father only of one group of the human family—the whites, for example, and that other groups (e.g., the Negroes) are descendants of another progenitor.

That Cain took unto himself a wife is inferred from the text that he knew his wife (Gen. 4:17); and that she was his sister is not an assumption, but a logical *inference* from the fact that there were no other human beings on the earth when Adam and Eve were created and joined in marriage with the command to "increase and multiply and fill the earth." Consequently, he must have married one of his own sisters, or possibly a niece. Whether he found her in the woods, the Bible doesn't say. It is not interested in such details. Anyhow, all sylvan creatures are not necessarily animals or half-animals—woodsmen, for instance. She could hardly be a demi-human, since she was descended from Adam.

It is rather illogical to doubt that his wife was an offspring of Adam, because it is not explicit in the Bible, and to imagine that she was less than a human being, which is not in the Bible, either.

Nor does the Bible say when he married her, before or after Abel's murder. Her presence on "the east side of Eden" was due, no doubt, to Cain's having brought her with him. A wife generally follows her husband when he changes his abode; at least that has been the historical consequence of marriage.

When the Bible says that Cain built a "city," we are not to imagine a modern American city, but a number of families living in tents, such as exist today in the East among shepherds.

### **Rosary During Mass: Thanksgiving After Mass: Communion During Last Gospel**

(1) *Is it quite liturgical to recite the Rosary in common during Mass? Doing so seems like relegating the Holy Sacrifice to secondary importance, and the rumble of voices is distracting.* (2) *Is it proper to leave the church immediately after receiving Holy Communion without making an act of thanksgiving? Does the ruling no longer hold that fifteen minutes should be spent in thanksgiving? In some churches Holy Communion is distributed five or ten minutes ahead of the celebrant, thus allowing the communicants, who are obliged to hurry off, to offer a leisurely thanksgiving.* (3) *When at the end of Mass Holy Communion is still being given, should the congregation rise when the priest reads the last Gospel, or remain kneeling?*—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

(1) The recitation of the Rosary in common during Mass is quite liturgical. No less an authority than Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the Rosary, September 1, 1883, which he later ordered to be observed in perpetuity, commanded that in all parish churches at least five decades of the Rosary should be recited daily, either in the morning during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or at another time before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, from October 1 to November 2. (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, n. 707, ed. 1931.) We understand your objection to the practice, even though the common recitation need not distract the mind from the action on the altar.

(2) Giving thanks to God for some time after Holy Communion is not only becoming, but also beneficial. The nature of the Sacrament, the teaching of saints and theologians confirms this. But the convenience and obligations of the communicant must be considered. There are a few minutes from the distribution of Communion until the end of Mass for a short thanksgiving, before the congregation is dismissed by the celebrant with *Ite, missa est*. The Communion and Postcommunion prayer of the Mass are the liturgical thanksgiving. In any event, the communicant who is pressed for time can show his gratitude by doing his daily duties out of love of God and in the spirit of the Eucharist, carrying everywhere the "good odor of Christ."

(3) Both kneeling and standing are reverential postures. It does not make much difference which is adopted, so long as the whole congregation has uniformity.



## "Tobacco Road" and "Gone With The Wind"

(1) The moving picture "Tobacco Road" caused some discussion in my group. I maintained that it was not worth seeing. I was assailed as narrow-minded, afraid to face life, etc. Some of the Catholic girls present said, if you have a clean mind there is no reason to be afraid to see such pictures. What is your opinion of the picture and of the views of my opponents? (2) During a similar discussion someone mentioned how sorry she felt over Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind." Others agreed with her, but I said Scarlett deserved what she got, as she was selfish, hard-hearted, and self-centered throughout the story. Am I correct in my judgment?—Brooklyn, N. Y.

(1) The screen version of *Tobacco Road*, according to competent Catholic critics, has elevated a degenerate stage play to the level of simple indecency. Because the most objectionable features of the stage play have been eliminated from the moving picture, it has been put in Class B in the Legion of Decency rating. The story of *Tobacco Road* is supposed to be interesting as a sociological phenomenon—a "slice out of life." What attracts the audience, however, is not sociology but the ages-old lure of sex. People usually try to rationalize their curiosity about such themes, but they don't fool anybody, not even themselves.

(2) Your opinion of Scarlett O'Hara appears to be justified. Of course, since she looked so pretty in the picture, she wins sympathy; but she was, indeed, "selfish, hard-hearted, and self-centered," not to mention the matter of adultery.

## Illegitimacy and Religious State

*An illegitimate boy is very anxious to enter an order of teaching Brothers. He applied to one community but was rejected. Is there any order of teaching Brothers that would accept him?*—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Illegitimacy is not an impediment to entrance into the religious state in Canon Law, but it may be in the constitution of an individual community. We are not familiar with the constitutions of the various orders of teaching Brothers, hence cannot say if any of them are open to illegitimate boys. There is a list of orders of Brothers in *The Official Catholic Directory*.

## Artistic Crucifix

*I have been looking for a somewhat unusual, or at least moderately well-made crucifix, but have been unable to find one at any price. I want a crucifix about three or four inches high, of silver or wood, or a combination.*—ST. LOUIS, MO.

We believe that the crucifix especially designed for the Confraternity of the Sacred Passion will meet your specifications. The background is real wood, inlaid in metal. The figure of Christ is made of nickel silver. The length of the crucifix is four inches. It may be obtained from the Director of the Confraternity of the Sacred Passion, Our Lady of Sorrows Monastery, West Springfield, Mass., for \$1.00.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## IMPLEMENTING THE GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We are delightedly pleased to learn of your projected Seminar to South America and we will be anxious to co-operate with you and your selected Directors in whatever way we possibly can. We, the Marianists, started a school here near Lima two years ago with 4 religious and 72 students. Now, with 8 religious and 180 students, we have outgrown our temporary quarters and are building a large new building on spacious grounds. We will be glad to welcome Rev. Drs. Joseph Thorning and John A. Weidinger with their Seminar group. We wish them the greatest possible success for their labors.

Could we not think of the much-publicized Good-Neighbor policy in the light of the original good-neighbor parable? Latin America, from all appearances, has fallen among robbers, the thieves of poverty and indifferentism, who have stripped it of a Catholic educational system. The European influences of the past centuries have seen the wounded wayfarer, and passed by. True, some religious orders from Spain, France, and Italy are laboring valiantly, but almost vainly, for the education of these idealistic people. The clannish Asiatic influence, too, came near, and passed by, leaving the hordes of uneducated people to their plight. Fortunately, no doubt, as such influence could only have been pagan.

Now, will the good old U.S.A. prove to be the good Samaritan, pouring into the gaping wounds of ignorance and sloth the oil and wine of sound education and practical religion? Will the American religious orders take them to the inn of good schools and solicitously provide for their urgent needs? Will the funds of the American cultural work be allotted to take care of whatsoever shall be spent? Will "Protestant America" send the Catholic and religious teachers so greatly in demand? Some American Protestant organizations are making attempts at inroads into this definitely Catholic field.

The age-old custom of the Church, in recent years adopted by the Russians and Germans to propagate their shameful doctrines, could be used with benefit by co-ordinating the funds of Nelson A. Rockefeller's Commission on Cultural Relations with the efforts of American teaching orders founding or establishing schools in these Latin countries. Good will would certainly be built up among these people who are anxious

to learn our language and our methods; their religion, not always known but always adhered to, would be protected; and to a mutual advantage, the Good-Neighbor policy would be staunchly established and firmly stabilized.

LIMA, PERU

T. G. NOLL, S.M.

## A PATHETIC STORY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

There is a pathetic and charming little story behind this \$10.60. Here in this delightful little town where the trees and shrubbery are now all radiant with the freshness of spring, a group of small urchins with the lust for adventure in their veins, decided to play "Heigh-ho Silver" or whatever it is they play these days instead of our old-fashioned and plebeian "Cops and Robbers." One of the lads climbed a tree and from that vantage point looked out upon this glad countryside for the last time. He swung his lariat attached to a limb of the tree, slipped, lost his footing and plunged headlong to be strangled with his own rope.

Of these small boys it might be truly said in the phrase of A. A. Milne, "We are seven"—for that was their age. Overcome with grief, they wanted to do something for his innocent soul and so took up a collection from all his schoolmates to help out the Foreign Mission. Here, you have that collection. The poor little lad's name was "Richard," so they want one Chinese boy named after him and another after St. Francis Xavier, and they hope both become great Catholics in China!

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

FATHER IGNATIUS, C.P.

## CAMPAIGN FOR GOOD READING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

While Catholic literature is very scarce in the Islands, the country is flooded with evil books and magazines, attracting the young who are very eager to read.

It is almost impossible to keep the young away from evil reading matter, if we are not able to put into their hands good, wholesome literature.

Therefore I dare make an appeal to your benevolence to help us in our campaign for good reading; for instance, by making an earnest appeal to your readers to remail us their old copies of magazines, pamphlets, and books.

SAN MARCELINO, 212, MOTHER M. IGNATIA, C.M.S.A.  
MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

## FOR OUR MISSIONS IN CHINA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The enclosed check for five dollars is an answer to your editorial in the June issue of THE SIGN. When I read about the destruction of the school at Yüanling and the rest of the damage done by bombing, I had to figure out a way for our Mission Crusade to give a donation.

I wish our school to help raise that \$30,000 you need. You have, so the article says, \$1,600 of the amount. Now you will have at least \$1,605. I hope that 5679 more people will be moved to give 5 dollars, or a smaller number be moved to give larger donations.

VICTORIA, TEXAS

SISTER M. GEORGE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Our class has saved this small contribution for your Missions in China. Our Sister read your letter in THE SIGN and she asked us to help.

We are sorry that we have not a larger amount, but we have just finished punch cards for the church. While we know that charity begins at home, we also know that it should not end at home.

THE SIGN is very helpful to us in our religion class. We often use the Question Box, the Book Reviews, and other items of importance. We all like your magazine.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GERALDYN SANDOMINICK, 8A

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am 86½ years old. I read every line of THE SIGN. In the May issue of your magazine there was one article for which alone I would pay \$2.00. It was the article on labor which referred to Pope Leo XIII and the Knights of Labor.

I joined that Labor Union in the year 1884 and was an officer for years. I can remember when the Knights of Labor in Canada was called a secret organization and when Catholics were forbidden to join it there. Cardinal Gibbons did a great job in defending the Knights of Labor.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.

PETER J. BLASER

## BOOK REVIEWS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As an old reader and admirer of the book reviews in THE SIGN, please permit me to make a remark about the review of *Flotsam*, by Erich Maria Remarque, which appeared in your June issue. After an extremely competent and objective analysis of this novel, the reviewer concludes by saying: "Many parts of the volume are excessively realistic." I think the reviewer would have been justified in declaring bluntly that many parts of this work are extremely vulgar and that at least one part is not only in bad taste but, judged by Catholic principles, is of very dubious morality.

I can very well understand that Catholic reviewers do not like to be accused of perpetually carping at books which receive public approval to the extent that they become best sellers. Catholics should be constantly and courageously reminded, however, that because the public confers on a book the accolade of best seller does not mean that the book is therefore good from either a literary or a moral viewpoint. What modern critics call realism is often plain rottenness.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DANIEL GREGORY

## "VERITABLE ENCYCLOPEDIA"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For many years THE SIGN has been for me a veritable encyclopedia to which I turn for accurate information on social, political, and religious questions, as well as for critiques of plays, movies, and books.

In recent months I have enjoyed in particular Dr. Cronin's excellent articles, which, in my opinion, provide a much-needed antidote to the venomous anti-labor articles appearing in so many of our modern

newspapers. Your Washington correspondents, Dr. Thorning and Mr. John C. O'Brien, are also to be congratulated on the total lack of political bias with which they report on Washington affairs. The objectivity and fair-mindedness evidenced by these two writers are refreshing in a world in which newspaper columnists pontificate on every subject under the sun.

My sincerest wish for *THE SIGN* is that its circulation is increasing as steadily as its reader interest and attractiveness.

CHICAGO, ILL.

VERA M. HUGHES

### "MEXICO UNDER CAMACHO"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For some time I had been wondering what the situation is in Mexico under the new President, Manuel Avila Camacho. I had a fear that his promises before election would be mere campaign promises—such as we are accustomed to in this country—and that after his election he would turn out to be just another priest-baiting Mexican politician. Mr. Randall Pond's article in the June issue, "Mexico Under Camacho," presented a very encouraging picture of what is going on below the Rio Grande. Perhaps the anti-clerical tide has turned and the Mexicans are on the verge of an era of internal peace and prosperity. Let us hope and pray that Camacho will have the courage to continue the good work he has begun.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

GERALDINE F. O'CONNOR

### SHORT STORIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Bridge Across the Hondo," the two-part story which you published in the May and June issues of *THE SIGN*, was one of the most absorbing short stories that I have read in a long time. Miss Russell's story had everything, including romantic interest, timeliness, and suspense. The element of suspense was particularly well handled. The author had me sitting on the edge of my chair until the "girl-hunt" was over. Please let us have more stories of this type.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ELEANOR THOMAS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Brassil Fitzgerald's short story, "Don Quixote Brady," in the June issue, was one of the best I have ever read—and I have read a great many. He writes of the younger generation with more humor and pathos than any short-story writer today. With him in your pages I couldn't help but be an ardent booster for *THE SIGN*.

NEWARK, N. J.

FRANK L. RICHARDS

### GOOD FOR PROFESSORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The April issue of *THE SIGN* was admirable. I should like to congratulate you on two articles especially, namely, "Strife and the Worker" by Father Cronin, and "Spiritual Pan-Americanism" by Dr. Thorning.

I enclose a check for one dollar. Please send me as many copies of the April issue as you can. I wish to give them to several of my colleagues who regard the

Church as the greatest impediment in the way of social improvement.

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

### MUST SUBSTANCE BE SIN?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the *Readers' Guide* of a few months ago, there appeared a condensation of an article written by J. P. McEvoy, taken from *Stage*. It is entitled "Fear Over Hollywood." The following paragraph of the article seems to call loudly for comment:

"Even this talent (acting) cannot function at its best until it is freed from a censorship which puts a premium on the innocuous. Adult talent cannot make adult pictures under a juvenile code. There is no more reason why all pictures should be made for children than that all books, all art and music be under censorship which boils everything down to an insipid, infantile mush. A free screen is as necessary to vital pictures as a free press is to vital literature. To each and every minority pressure group hell bent on saving the movies from sin and succeeding only too well in sapping them of substance, Hollywood should cry out, 'Unhand me, villain!'"

Inasmuch as innocuous means innocent, it seems commendable that censorship should put a premium upon the innocuous. The question arises why talent should be freed from the necessity of being innocuous. The first sentence quoted seems to give a reason for censorship, although it is obviously meant for a criticism of it. Upon what should a premium be put?

"Adult talent cannot make adult pictures under a juvenile code." True, but no one demands that it should. There is a code for juvenile pictures and one for adult pictures. Many fine pictures have been produced which have satisfied the code for adults, but which have not been suitable for juvenile or adolescent minds. The suggestion that censorship demands that pictures all fit the juvenile code is entirely false. The National Legion of Decency groups ratings as for children or for adults.

I take exception to the theory that pictures cannot be clean and still be realistic and artistic. If producers lavished as much fine acting and settings upon wholesome stories as they do upon unwholesome ones, and advertised them as intensively and extensively, they would be doing the world a service. It is they who force the public to choose between seeing an "innocuous" story presented with mediocre acting and settings, and a morbid, sordid, or salacious story embellished with great artistry.

A further idea, embodied in the paragraph quoted, is that, if sin is removed from pictures, substance is removed. Can there be no substance without sin? If that be true, the world has reached a sorry pass. However, we may be allowed to believe, looking back over the many thousands of fine plays and books which have been given to the world, that perhaps, substance can also exist with virtue.

There may be many "minority pressure groups" trying to save the movies from sin, but there probably is a pretty large majority of people who want their entertainment clean, and who are grateful to the "minority" groups who are working toward that end.

OCONOMOWOC, WISC.

ETHEL OWEN MERRILL



# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## Battle of the Air

• *SHORT-WAVE power is a form of air power that must be taken into consideration in the present war. From the Foreign Policy pamphlet, "War on the Short Wave," by Harold N. Graves, Jr.:*

Gunpowder, it is said, was first used for holiday fire-crackers. Radio in its early days operated mainly to give men pleasure. Both have been turned to use in war, and nations have made broadcasting into the ally of the bomb.

In London, General de Gaulle, leader of free Frenchmen, has taken to the microphone to urge his countrymen to join him in restoring French freedom. Italian broadcasters have suggested that English workers sabotage British war industry. Englishmen have urged Germans and Italians to get rid of Hitler and Mussolini; and Germans have told Britons that they should remove Prime Minister Churchill from office.

On the other side of the world, there are more combatants, and there is also another war—or an extension of the same war. Daily programs are transmitted from Australia. From Radio Saigon in French Indo-China, news and talks are broadcast in French and English. Engaged in a vast struggle with Japan, China transmits news and talks to her potential friends throughout the world. Japanese programs are radiated from Tokyo and Hsinking, capital of the puppet empire of Manchukuo.

An American radio commentator has suggested that broadcasting be recognized as the "fourth front" of the war—a new field of conflict in addition to the economic, the diplomatic, and the military struggles which make up modern war. Actually, propaganda has nearly always accompanied wars, and it is propaganda that is the real fourth front. But radio has extended this battlefield over distances never before possible, and has made the present conflict the wordiest war in history.

The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC), for example, broadcasts some 200,000 words a day in two dozen languages to audiences outside of Britain. In five days, it broadcasts as many words as there are in the Bible, or as many words as there are in all the works of Shakespeare.

## One Hundred Years Ago

• *IT IS GOOD THESE DAYS to recall a calamitous prediction which did not come true. From "Talking at Random" in the "Tablet":*

It is amusing to recall what was happening this month a hundred years ago. The dispute then on was that concerning the frontier between Maine and New Brunswick, to be settled by the Ashburton Treaty a year later. Prophecies of the inevitability of war be-

tween the two countries were common. There were many in America who looked upon the acquisition of Canada as a part of the manifest destiny of the United States and were anxious to use the Maine frontier dispute to achieve that purpose. There were many in England who did not believe or did not wish to believe that a Republic founded upon successful revolt against the British Empire could long prosper, who gleefully noted the signs of growing division between the South and the North, and who prophesied that the unity of the Republic could never survive a war. "Upon one important result, however, it seems reasonable to calculate," wrote the *Sunday Times* of the day, "namely, the breaking up of the United States into numerous separate communities, with wholly different interests and therefore hostile to each other." It is pleasant to hear of at least one thing in this world that has turned out better than was anticipated.

## "Come In"

• *CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS of the lower crust as portrayed by Harriet Duff Phillips in the "Atlantic":*

A few years ago Mrs. Martz, a widow from a poor section of my own community, came to see me. For years she had cleaned offices at night to earn a living for her children, but now at last, she told me, "things were easier." Her children were grown up. Her mother had died and left her a few hundred dollars. With that small legacy she had paid off a little debt and bought a black silk dress, a coat, and a decent hat of her own choosing. She told me all these things in such a way that I knew she was leading up to something.

Suddenly she said, "Do you think the ladies in your club would stand for a working woman member? I'm afraid to ask any of them but you. If only you'd be willing to put up my name!" She was twisting her new black gloves nervously in her fingers.

I told her I should be proud to propose her name. She was beaming as she left the house. "Please let me know as soon as the ladies decide whether I can come in," she said, starting down the walk.

"Come in"—I have never forgotten those words, for I know so many women who would like to "come in" but who have never been invited. For two years my new friend was the first at every meeting. For two years she sat in the same seat in the second row of chairs, but never said a word, just drank it all in. Then one day the president announced plans for a dinner to raise scholarship funds. Mrs. Martz was on her feet in a second. "Mrs. President," she said, "if you'll let me be chairman of the dishwashing committee, I'll feel honored." A year ago Mrs. Martz was dying and almost her last words to her daughter were, "Don't forget to tell the club ladies to come to my funeral." Mrs. Martz had "come in."

## Youthful Irish Theologian

• WRITING in "Bonaventura," Mr. Peter B. Curry describes modern influences on the theological thought of Irish youth:

The young Doctor of Divinity stood before fifty "Dublin jackeens," swift in mind and body, who sent answers flashing back in the drawling speech—split vowels and slurred diphthongs—they inherit from the Bristol traders that came in the wake of the Anglo-Norman men-at-arms half a thousand years ago.

"What will the Lord say to the good on the last day?" John Joseph had the answer begun before the graduate of Propaganda had half finished.

"Come ye blessed of my Father receive ye the kingdom prepared for ye since the beginning of the world," he rapped out with machine-gun-like precision.

"And what will He say to the bad people?" "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels."

Yes, John Joseph did know there was another place besides Heaven and Hell; Purgatory it was. And what would the Good Lord say to those who went there? John Joseph was stumped. The whole class was petrified at this unexpected reverse. They looked uneasily at the teacher, their idol on the hurling pitch, their leader over the wide seas of knowledge. There was a cold hush.

The spell was broken by John Joseph's cousin. Michael James ("Dowser" to his friends), who was wont to imagine himself Buckingham Street's Public Enemy Number One, was waving a bunch of grubby fingers. Here was help from an unexpected quarter.

"Well?" said the Inspector.

When "Dowser" spoke it was in the authentic accents of Hollywood, softened a little by Connacht ancestry, slowed up by his Dublin drawl.

"Ah'll be seein' ye," he said. . . .

## Spain, the Colonizer

• NATIONS AND COLONIES fall and change masters, as the tide of war rises higher. Kathleen Romoli in her fascinating book, "Colombia," has this to say of the Europeans who conquered that country:

Spain was a great colonizer, the greatest perhaps that the world has ever known. Not a ship set sail for the "Indies" that did not carry seeds and plants and livestock and even flowers. The first wheat was reaped in Tunja less than a year after the men of Santa Marta reached the Sabana; within a few decades the domestic animals and fruits and flowers of Europe were common in all Spanish America. There were colleges in Bogotá and Popayán, schools (even for the Indians), masters of music and fencing and the arts, booksellers and even drug stores a century before such things were dreamed of in North America.

The Spanish were exquisitely legal-minded. The first marauding explorers founded their "cities" with meticulous formality; the organization of government was surprisingly complete, and even the riotous and highhanded *caudillos* who swashbuckled in the provinces did not question the authority of emissaries duly

accredited by the King, but meekly submitted even when submission meant disgrace or death.

An organized society, a standard of gracious living, the amalgamation of the Indians into the scheme of things, the establishment of the religion of Christ—these were the fabric of Spanish domination in the New World. Whatever the faults of colonial administration, and they were many and glaring, Spain built not unworthily an empire that was to last for three hundred and thirty years.

## Tea as You Like It

• THE FINE ART of preparing tea is described by Gerard McCreesh in the "Irish Digest":

We Irish are the heaviest tea drinkers in the world. Our ordinary annual consumption of tea works out at over 10 pounds for everyone in the country. This represents about 40 cups of tea a week for each person.

In rural areas there are many traditions connected with tea, as well as some different ideas about making it. Experts, however, say there is no hard-and-fast rule about making it. Whether you put the tea or the water into the pot first, or the milk into the cup before or after the tea makes no difference.

Our common method of making tea, however, is vastly different from that of other peoples. In Japan, for example, they grind the leaves to a fine powder and then add hot water until the mixture becomes thick like cream. It is then drunk from dishes, leaves and all. The Japanese take great pains in preparing their evening tea, and even send their daughters to school to learn how to prepare it properly. They like best the lightly fermented varieties, which produce a straw-colored liquid. Their most delicate varieties are rarely exported.

The Russians serve tea in glasses, without milk, but with a slice of lemon or spoonful of jam to flavor it. In Czarist days the average Russian when offered sugar would put it on his tongue and then drink the tea. In some parts of Russia tea bricks are—or were—used as money.

People in the Balkans "lace" their tea with rum, while the Moroccans prefer it flavored with mint.

## The Use of the Monocle

• THE "New York Times Magazine" supplies the following information on the use of the monocle:

Since the war the sale of monocles in America has risen more than 50 per cent. No statistics are kept on the total number sold, but opticians say it is not large. Somehow the monocle has never caught on very widely in the United States. On the Continent and in England it has always had a number of devotees. In England, for example, in 1936 more than a score of M.P.'s in the House of Commons wore them. . . .

Popular feeling to the contrary notwithstanding, monocles are made according to prescription, and each is made and shaped to fit one particular eye. When the face is too flat to hold it, little extensions from the rim known as "crutches" are added. Some-

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times the monocle is rimless, but then the edges are milled so that the eye can get a good grip at it.

Most often the monocle is attached to a string, but some brave souls depend on muscular exertion and luck to avoid disaster. One well-known author very casually lets his monocle drop from his eye into an extra large vest pocket. But even he buys his monocles a dozen at a time—just in case.

During the last war a company of Anzacs were assigned a new commanding officer who wore a monocle. This was the first honest-to-goodness monocle any of them had encountered outside fiction. The company caught on very quickly. The next morning its entire personnel appeared on the parade ground with some sort of makeshift monocle on every face. The C.O. eyed them carefully, then standing squarely in front of them, he flipped his monocle in the air, caught it in his eye and barked, "Do that, you blighters." That cowed the Anzacs.

### Good Business Sense

• THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTION from "Modern Pharmacy" may not qualify as poetry, but it does embody a knowledge of the buying public:

If I possessed a shop or store,  
I'd drive the grouches off my floor.  
I'd never let some gloomy guy  
Offend the folks who came to buy.  
I'd never keep a boy or clerk  
With mental toothache at his work,  
Nor let a man who draws my pay  
Drive customers of mine away.  
I'd treat the man who takes my time  
And spends a nickel or a dime  
With courtesy, and make him feel  
That I was pleased to close the deal  
Because tomorrow, who can tell?  
He may want stuff I have to sell.  
And in that case, then glad he'll be  
To spend his dollars all with me.  
The reason people pass one door  
To patronize another store  
Is not because the busier place  
Has greater stock or swifter pace  
Or cheaper prices, but it lies  
In pleasant words and smiling eyes;  
The only difference, I believe,  
Is the treatment folks receive.

### Homing Pigeons

• IN SPITE of modern developments of communication such as radio, homing pigeons are still used by military forces. The following is an excerpt from an article by Samuel Hudson which appears in "Current History and Forum":

Homing pigeons were used extensively during the World War to carry messages back to bases from advanced positions. With the U. S. Army, 20,000 birds saw service; 120,000 were used by the Central Powers, and over 300,000 by the Allies. Famous among the birds used by Americans were Spike, Mocker, Big Tom, President Wilson, and Cher Ami. Spike carried

52 messages through the front lines without ever receiving an injury.

Cher Ami was the hero of the famed Lost Battalion of the Argonne. Cut off from the rest of the 77th Division, this battalion sent bird after bird into the air only to see each brought down by German sharpshooters and machine-gunners. Cher Ami, the last bird left, although wounded in the breast and minus a leg, finally got through with the message which gave the 77th the exact location of the lost men and led to their rescue.

During the World War, pigeons usually succeeded when all else failed. That record is probably the reason they are still being used in spite of the great post-war developments in other forms of military communications. At the present time the U. S. Navy maintains pigeon lofts at Anacostia, D. C., and the Army at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, where courses are conducted in the handling of pigeons. The Army uses homers at the Panama Canal Zone and has equipped them with 1/4-oz. "anti-hawk" whistles which are fastened to their tails. It is reported that the 40,000 lofts now in America house a population of 300,000 birds.

### Flight of Diamonds

• DIAMONDS AS WELL as humans have fled before the hordes of Hitler. Richard G. Hubler tells of their flight in an article in "Harper's":

From Antwerp, Rotterdam, and London the great diamond migration began. A horde of diamond merchants, most of them of Rumanian, Polish or Russian extraction, fled west for the sake of their lives, and they carried kings' ransoms folded in tissue paper and tucked in Manila envelopes. They looked for haven in the United States.

They arrived in New York by hundreds during the latter weeks of the German invasion of the Lowlands and France. In July the imports of uncut diamonds swelled to more than 12 times that of any other previous month. By the time the Battle of Britain was well under way 1500 diamond dealers—90 per cent of all the prominent European ones, half of all those in the world—had reached New York with much of their stock. Only an estimated \$7,000,000 in gems was left for Hitler's troops to gather up. One Belgian family with \$338,000 worth of diamonds in a hand-case fled across France and the Spanish border in an ambulance.

There is a story told about that wholesale exodus: how, when the German invasion was imminent, a trusted member of an Antwerp firm went from shop to shop of the diamond dealers in that doomed city with a battered valise. Into it the diamond men dumped packets of jewels, rough and finished. Only one concern failed to contribute. Its safe was locked and the one man who could open it was away. The diamond collector then went aboard a British destroyer and crossed the Channel to London with his fabulous burden. From London he went on to New York.

Today the city of New York is the diamond center of the world. Last year it did a total diamond business of \$35,000,000, about \$6,000,000 above 1939, second only to the peak year of 1919 (\$80,000,000). This year is expected to break all records.





# BOOKS



## Captain Paul

By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG

This historical novel is the story of John Paul Jones, the gallant Scot who so generously adopted the cause of American freedom and fought for its attainment. It is likewise the fictional story of one Tom Folger, born and raised on the island of Nantucket, who thus indicates the purpose of his narrative: "I shall go back to the days of my youth and those tragic years of the rebellion which made us a nation, to set out the story of my life and how strangely it was entwined with that of Captain Paul, that quixotic genius whose thundering guns, speaking the only language tyrants understand, breathed life into the words of our Declaration of Independence."

Any reader who desires tense action in his novels may find it in abundance in this latest work of Commander Ellsberg. From stories of submarines the author turns back and writes about the days of sail. He is as thoroughly at home among masts and sheets and braces and booms, as he is among the complicated mechanism in the more confined areas of modern pigboats.

From the story of Captain Paul more is learned than the facts of a meteoric career as a sea fighter. The blundering tactics of politicians stand revealed, tactics which did not pass away in the early days of our career as a nation. Individuals try to fight wars, who are unskilled in the science of warfare, and who impede success by placing men in positions of command for which previous necessary training was lacking. We learn, too, of English blunders, apparently a historical characteristic of our hard-pressed friends of today. Furthermore, it the story of political intrigue in both America and France and of fighting ships and men were not sufficient to capture the full

interest of the reader, the author has intertwined a graphic tale of whaling in the days when Nantucket was the American center of that profitable but very dangerous occupation.

*Captain Paul* is a very readable tale. Once again, incidentally, an author has demonstrated that filth is not a necessary adjunct for a good story.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. \$2.75

## The Habit of Empire

By PAUL HORGAN

In 1599, a Spanish band of crusading conquerors left Mexico City, journeyed northward to the Rio Grande, and crossed into New Mexico at El Paso. Juan de Oñate, their leader, was doubly motivated. He had hereditary imperialistic designs. He had the then accepted conviction that the sword was a weapon for the Faith. He was assisted by his two soldier nephews, the Zaldivar brothers—one of whom was treacherously killed by the Chief of the Acomese Indians—and by the rugged and direct Father de Martinez, who gave the mandate, "... to slay the Indians to make them respect the reign of Christ the King." A settlement was made at San Juan, a church was built, and from this point exploring parties went forth in all directions. The climax of the story is the daring attack upon and conquest of the Acomese Indians, who dwelt in pueblos on the Rock of Acoma—a vast lofty plateau with perpendicular sides of sheer stone.

The author understands the Spanish temperament, which changes abruptly from the light to the serious, from the jovial to the bellicose, and leaves us with the conviction that the son of Spain had the happy faculty of seeing God in all things. The prose is powerful. The story is rich in well-painted, arresting incidents, such as disaster in fording the Rio Grande, the rebellion of

troops, punished for mistreatment of the Indians, and pictures of women weaving altar clothes and making candles. There are included eight excellent double-page landscape lithographs.

Harper and Brothers, New York. \$2.00

## Women of Britain:

*Letters from England*

Introduction By JAN STRUTHER

It is difficult to be objective and impersonal about a book like this, whose chief value lies in the fact that it is so intensely personal and represents one side of a great controversy. Letters are always a good source of first-hand information about individual persons' reaction to other people, to government policies, to war and "the enemy." Here are letters from British women of varying classes and abilities: city dwellers, country folk, the young soldier's wife, the older generation. All of them reveal a fine courage and an acceptance of the hardships of war; the separation from loved ones, the living under constant fear of air attack or invasion, the unending necessity for hard and often unaccustomed labor.

*Women of Britain* is undeniably propaganda, although the letters were not originally written for publication. The opinions and attitudes expressed by the writers may not be agreeable to all American readers, but they are enlightening.

Jan Struther's introduction is done in her usual quiet, sensitive, realistic style, and the running commentary by Beatrice Curtis Brown provides continuity of a sort. This is not a book to be read at a single sitting, the writing being crowded with Briticisms and as uneven in quality as the personalities of the writers. But this only accentuates the fact that the book is intended to portray an abnormal rather than a normal life.

Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50

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## The Captain from Connecticut

By C. S. FORESTER

Mr. Forester has given us, in his first novel with an American hero, another stirring narrative of the sea. It relates the adventures of Josiah Peabody, Captain of the United States frigate *Delaware* during the War of 1812. After slipping through the British blockade shielded by a blizzard, the *Delaware* leaves Long Island Sound to pursue its mission, which is to attack enemy shipping. It breaks up a British convoy out of Jamaica, captures prizes, and burns merchant ships. The *Delaware* is the only American fighting ship in the Atlantic, so it must not seek to engage British warships and endanger its life. The *Delaware* goes to the Caribbean, where it attacks some islands and where romance comes for Captain Peabody.

Josiah Peabody, throughout the voyage, leads his crew in a manly, conscientious way that compels the esteem of all, even the British captains. In the smoke of cannon or in the drawing rooms of Martinique, he is ever the Yankee gentleman, though the farmer boy who came up the hard way finds European manners a trial.

When you put down the book, you cannot put away your admiration for Peabody, whose superb, self-mastered, human character and whose devotion to what is decent and proper leaves with you a pleasant memory. The author's knowledge of the sea and sailing ships, together with his vivid style, make him a leading teller of sea stories.

Little, Brown and Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50

## Chile, Land of Progress

By EARL P. HANSON

In this popular introduction to one of the most progressive, gifted peoples of South America, the history, government, culture, industries, agriculture, educational and social institutions of Chile are outlined in an attractive style. Mr. Hanson aims to be a master of ceremonies for the scenic beauties of the Republic rather than a dry-as-dust research scholar. He draws heavily on *Chile: Land and Society* by Professor George McCutcheon McBride. As a result, the description of the rich Central Valley farming region is both vivid and

factual. In this area the early settlers found it easy to grow the fruits and grains whose seeds they had transported from Spain.

An important warning is sounded in the Introduction, written by Mr. Anibal Jara, Consul General of Chile in the United States. This official writes: "I believe you make the common mistake of overemphasizing the Germanic influence. . . . I myself have often been in the areas where the greatest number of people are of Germanic descent, and though every inch of me is passionately Chilean and would be sensitive to any difference in national atmosphere, I have never had the feeling of being in a strange land. I believe that the German stock has become 'Chileanized' and has gradually taken on our own strong indigenous characteristics." This is a just criticism.

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. \$1.75

## The Neutral Ground

By FRANK A. HOUGH

*The Neutral Ground* is a rousing, perilous, quick-moving story of the winning of Westchester during the American Revolution. The conquest by the "Rebels" was costly and all but unremunerative. The price was paid in cruelty, destruction, innumerable skirmishes, petty spyings and counter-spyings, and the loss of some honor. The inhabitants of the Neutral Ground could ill afford to be friend or foe. The flood tide of battle would one day sweep down from the Rebel North, and the next, swell up from the Tory South. The action swings us back and forth across Westchester during the many years of the struggle.

All will admire the honest clean-cut figure of Sam Hilton who, with a conviction of righteousness, casts his fortunes with the Tories. But he is overshadowed by the more artful Bob Trowbridge, who, with little or no convictions, but a great

love for adventure, commits himself to the Rebels. The latter carries the important lines, reveals himself a daring soldier on the one hand, and an unconvincing lover on the other. The object of his affair of the heart, Catherine Van Drusen, is the daughter of a Tory mother-spy. Catherine appears at times within reach of the heights, but the rough terrain causes her to stumble. Possibly the Rebels deserved to win Westchester County, but certainly neither hero nor heroine—both with feet of clay—deserved to win each other.

The author is a master of campaign detail, scout patrol, and espionage. He is at his best mounted upon a swift-moving spirited steed, cutting his way to safety with brandished sword. In the taverns, his conversation is as brilliant and sparkling as the liquors with which it mingles. His one mistake is a strained attempt to mix both sword and tavern with the boudoir.

J. B. Lippincott Co., New York. \$2.75

## They Came to a River

By ALLIS McKAY

The current vogue for the American historical novel has received an impetus with the advent of this interesting book. It is a vibrant, raw-boned exposition of the settlement of the Columbia River Valley in Central Washington. All the varied complexities of a new civilization are to be found in it: the never-ceasing combat against the untamed forces of nature; a necessarily primeval mode of living; lawlessness and passion; and, in general, all the stock-in-trade background utilized by the novelist of this type of fiction.

The author unfolds the story in front of the beautiful cyclorama of the Columbia River Valley. Chris Hallowell, a missionary's daughter, is the lead in this vast drama which involves a plethora of characters. She is kept pretty much dead center while the others enter and exit in

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their various roles. We see her first as a little girl and follow her shifting fortunes through her first marriage to Nate Barnes, the birth of her three children, Nate's untimely death, and her subsequent marriage to Stephen Patch, the would-be cynic.

Allis McKay is a born story-teller. She has a flair for characterization and the ability to reveal the various and often contradictory facets of the human soul. And then she can create and sustain atmosphere. On the negative side, the novel is much, much too long. She seems to have shot all her arrows about midway in the book. At least after the death of Nate the denouement had been reached. It comes as an uninteresting anti-climax and a violent *coup de théâtre* when she suddenly falls in love with Patch near the end of the book, for Patch, however lovable a rascal, is a transient in the story and looks suspiciously like a "plant" to bring the story to an agreeable ending.

With some reservations for the exposition of a certain amount of cynicism and a few unnecessary excursions into the "offensive," this might be given four stars as a creditable regional novel.

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.75

**Wings of Eagles**

By F. J. CORLEY, S.J. &  
R. J. WILLMES, S.J.

*Wings of Eagles* is a family album of the Society of Jesus. The authors have drawn pen sketches of some one hundred sixty-five Jesuit Saints

and Blessed. Some among this holy company are long familiar: Ignatius, Francis Xavier, Bellarmine. Others are not too well known outside their family circle; and there is every reason why acquaintance with them should be far wider. There are holy men of England, Japan, North America, as individual and as diverse as the lands and climes whence they came or where they labored, but united and at one in their loyalty and devotion to their one ideal—the greater glory of God.

The chapters are necessarily brief, but the reader who craves more than a bowing acquaintance with these men of God is wisely directed to more extensive sources.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.50

**Mission to the North**

By FLORENCE JAFFRAY HARRIMAN

Here are diplomatic memoirs deserving of applause. Our former minister to Norway has not made her exciting war experiences an occasion for sensational reporting. Calm narration carries the reader on with the appeal of sincerity.

Transplanted from her wide circle of Washington friends to a land where nature provided beauty rather than bounty, Mrs. Harriman quickly learned as much of its normal life as of its politics. Economic experiments, native craftsmanship, struggles against the elements, success as citizens of the high seas—these were the activities of the people which engaged most of her attention.

She tells simply of the suddenness with which war fell upon the un-

suspecting Norwegians. The invasion of their country, the author insists, was not effected by any large-scale betrayals. The story of the *City of Flint*, the record of merciless bombing of civilians, the account of her own dangerous journey to Sweden—all are set down with impressive dignity. To read the book is to be renewed in the faith that Norway shall not be forever crushed.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.50

**The Man Who Got Even with God**

By M. RAYMOND, O.C.S.O.

Here is a fascinating story which sets out to prove that an American cowboy can be a real contemplative, and a fiery Southerner a sterling Trappist. And prove its point this book most certainly does, in a fashion more than merely interesting.

Too often have authors lamented the fact that Americans are not fitted to be men of sanctity, that the American temper is geared too high for meditation, self-effacement, contemplation. The life of John Green Hanning, a firebrand who became

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in turn a cowboy and a Trappist lay brother, fells such theories, not with more theory, but with hard and solid facts. The Trappist author of this life of a fellow Trappist proves convincingly that Americans are not doomed to a spiritual mediocrity; that if they will go down to the depths of their hearts they can scale the heights of sanctity.

This book is an "irresistible." You'll want to read it through in one sitting. But you'll want to return to it time and again. For it is not just another "life." It is a volume fraught with vigorous, refreshing spirituality. It is one of the all too few spiritual books worthy of unconditional recommendation. And the style? It will be a crying shame if the gifted author makes this book his first and last.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.00

## Of Men and Women

By PEARL BUCK

Essays of varying quality make up this group of essays on the position of women in the United States today. When Pearl Buck writes of life in China she is on safe ground and writes with charm, simplicity, and engaging warmth. In her comparison of Chinese and American families she excellently delineates the virtues and faults of each. It is when she ventures into explaining just what is wrong in the relations of men and women, and when she indulges in the fear of a possible Fascist future for the women of America, that the tune goes false. She is an excellent reporter but a poor social philosopher.

Also, in this book, as in none of her previous books, though there have been hints of it, is her utterly pagan attitude and her real dislike of religion. "I cannot pronounce the word spiritual aloud," she says. "I have not done so in years. It arouses such feelings of repulsion and ferocity in me that I feel my tranquillity menaced." In her statements about women and in her advice to them, there seems to be everything mentioned, save two—God and children.

Mrs. Buck seems still suffering from her unhappiness as a missionary's daughter and seems too naïve to see that the world is not all a narrow Presbyterian missionary's family. Her thinking is far too confused and too illogical to permit her to

supply advice on whatever, if anything, is wrong between American men and women. Her philosophy is as bad as her reporting is good. She is at home only in the actual, the visible world.

John Day Co., New York. \$2.00

## Axis America

By ROBERT STRAUSS-HUPE

As late as two years ago, this book would have been a source of considerable enlightenment to the average reader. Today, however, there is little of the sensational in it to set it apart from the mass of current literature on the subject. The swift crises of the past few months have left few illusions in American minds about the attitude of the Axis Powers toward the United States.

The author of *Axis America* lays no claim to making an exposé of the workings of the inner Axis circles. Rather, he is content to hold a mirror to Nazi, Fascist, and Japanese press and book statements of recent years, supplementing the same with conservative analyses. An interesting chapter is devoted to Nazi propaganda tactics in the field of radio.

The book's best work, however, is done in its early chapters, where a clear comparison is drawn between the democratic and the National Socialist ways of life. These chapters make it easier to understand the chapters which have been so tragically written in the recent past in the history of the nations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50

## The Foreign Policy of Thomas F. Bayard

By CHARLES CALLAN TANSILL

Doctor Tansill says in his Preface: "Since 1933, American foreign policy has taken on increased significance. . . . One of the outstanding features of this policy has been the determined effort on the part of the Roosevelt Administration to identify the interests of the United States with those of Great Britain. Few Americans realize that this movement toward Anglo-Saxon unity was first given important impetus by Thomas Francis Bayard while he served as Secretary of State and as our Ambassador to Great Britain.

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Such is the thesis which Doctor Tansill sets himself to prove. From an objective, historical viewpoint the book which results is a sound and scholarly one. Where we take issue with Doctor Tansill however, is on the validity of Bayard's contention, which Tansill supports so wholeheartedly.

What is still left of our "world civilization" is the product of Catholicism and not of an isolated Anglo-Saxon culture or "unity." For the last four hundred years, English culture and those elements of the American way of living which have been drawn from it have stood for Protestantism and not for Christian civilization in the real and indisputable meaning of that word.

That such was Bayard's own conception of "Anglo-Saxon unity" there can be no doubt. To him the fundamental bond between Great Britain and the United States was essentially not only that of a common language but also of a common Protestant culture—"the faith and morals that Milton held." That assertion, considering the heterogeneous character of our own American society, we Catholic Americans dare to challenge.

And even if such a bond did exist, it certainly would give us no title to "twin conservators of world civilization." Anyone with only a smattering of historical knowledge knows that the so-called Protestant culture has been the prolific source of those monstrous evils which today have thrown our Western, yes, even Asiatic "civilization" into indescribable chaos. We need indicate but

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two to prove our point: rapacious capitalism and insane nationalism.

To use the author's own expression, it seems to us "high time" that even some of our Catholic educators and historians extricate themselves from the muddled thinking into which the abracadabral use of such words as "democracy" and "civilization" has plunged us.

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He meant to say: I have done nothing but defend My doctrine; and you, who are one of those very people who before now heard and admired and praised Me, if at that time for the respect that you bore Me, you laid no hands on Me, how have you the heart to do it now? However, we have to learn from Jesus whether He be silent or whether He speak. When He is silent, He acts the part of the sheep prepared for sacrifice. When He speaks, that of the Good Shepherd instructing and inviting us to follow the example of His virtues.

Look at the face of Jesus: how tender it is beneath that cruel blow. Whether He remain silent, or whether He speak, His lips are ever full of grace, and in His silence, as well as in His discourse, He is always the worthy object of imitation.

Sometimes, when I am offended, I give vent to my feelings and break forth into violent expressions. At other times I keep silence; but a sort of silence full of ill will.

Jesus, meek and humble, gentle and kind, loving and merciful, through that love with which Thy charity is worthy of being loved, be merciful to me and grant me the grace to make a good use of my tongue. Grant, O my God! that my words and my silence, like those of Thine, be virtuous. If I speak, let it be for truth and with modesty. If I hold my peace, let it be through humility and with patience.

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For the Month of May 1941

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Holy Communions .....	8,971
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	47,945
Spiritual Communions .....	41,043
Benediction Services .....	5,499
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	22,157
Stations of the Cross .....	6,314
Visits to the Crucifix .....	22,739
Beads of the Five Wounds ..	2,793
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	59,949
Visits to Our Lady .....	25,213
Rosaries .....	14,733
Beads of the Seven Dolors...	2,434
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	681,594
Hours of Study, Reading ....	12,072
Hours of Labor .....	20,970
Acts of Charity and Zeal ....	79,527
Prayers, Devotions .....	184,709
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## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

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—Amen.

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# Prayer for the Government

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**W**E PRAY THEE, O Almighty and Eternal God, Who through Jesus Christ hast revealed Thy glory to all nations, to preserve the works of Thy mercy; that Thy Church, being spread throughout the whole world, may continue, with unchanging faith, in the confession of Thy name.

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through Whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion; by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy; and by restraining vice and immorality.

Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of the Congress, and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government; so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for His Excellency the Governor of this State, for the members of the Assembly, for all Judges, Magistrates, and other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare; that they may be enabled, by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We recommend likewise to Thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge, and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law; that they may be preserved in union and in that peace which the world cannot give; and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.





